Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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For the Saturday Evening Post

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Not for the glass the wasting hand bestows
To fill for the smiles the cheek the lustre dissolves—
Not for the hours these fluttering strokes betray,
I sing of thee bright youth!
They bear, alas! what improvement of truth!
And yet, O! child of Time,
Thou visit'st us but to fleeting pain or May—
Thou'rt sweet in sunnie, thou sportive sway—
Thy gush of vigour
Runs not less sweet with its exquisite hue—
Thou goest, as well as if were ended me!
Ah! who would bid thee stay, be wild never?
Thy fairness come clustered to thy call,
Smile—life is dear!
A look a thousand treasures is not all
The soul, unwearying, spirit wounding sphere,
Which nature knows.
Thou the rough tempest hurl'st, and seeks repose,

Yet, Life is dear—even in its sternest hours—
Who would not live, when tho' to live were pain?
Who would die—cloak'd in not starv'd with flowers
And cork, purchase, unmeritable pain!
Our hearts were chosen, we! they linger here—
Some Earth's bitterness—its galling chain
Is linked not and sympathies in fear;
Dearing, yet shunning, that eternal clime
Whose mighty wings o'erhover human time.

All these (now!) bring us little here but woe!
The heartless, hopeless, reckless, cloy throng,
They of the wantoning, of the tear, the song;
The heathenish revel, and the dance;
Ye! they may look enamored upon thy brow,
They may not quail beneath thy thrilling glance!
They may not bend the tone!
Its manner differ in the heartless eye—
Spring's woman blush; and Summer's rosy prime,
Autumn's rich wealth, and Winter's hoary chime!
Pass on! Pass on!
Since they will live like brutes; as let them die!

But there are more for whom they have no frown;
The gay, light, laugh of childhood mocks the pow'r!
There cannot rest thy chilling shadow down
Upon its sunshine moments; for an hour
Of make or remember, though brief—it one
Tho' joyously happy! Like the Bird,
It is all bright and—sunshine—glorious, all!
Care cannot cloud, nor grief us beauty pall!

Yet, thou'rt an eloquent monitor!—thy birth
The dawning path, alone we fondly awake;—
Its portent hopes, its triumphs, and its mirth;
Love's rosy hours, and joyous festivals!
They steal upon the memory, as tells
The timid twilight o'er the quiet earth;
So dimly, yet so beautiful!—
Alas!
That night suddenly should its blessing blight!
But it is as on the unconscious glass,
We gaze, what hideous objects meet the sight!
What appears sorrowful—murdered talents pass!
Thus on (—) conscientious—black as night—
Th'ech, and on, the troubled spirit mantles,
And from the faithful picture, shuddering turns!

O there'd a tenderness vision to Man!
The kindly promises here that they were!
Thus hast for all some mighty scheme began
Of glory—Love—of Heaven—and we dream,—
Thy new dressed, how dressed, o'er and o'er!
Each new occasion perfect, to secure,
And then art treacherous!—thy face was joy—
The birthday smiles, the brightest thou hast worn—
And the soul heart leaps glad when thou wast born—
Pass—more innocent boy—
Is my heart lighter?
Are my hopes brighter?
Are new hopes more than they were that morn?
Can I quite—beaten pledges—are around,—
Passion, exhaustion, penury's sad moan,
Are not these poisoning attributes thou wast?
Aye! thou'rt not our merciful to wound!
Well! then art passing, thou hast a long career,
And, haply, may improve! And yet, I fear,
That they who deemed themselves in thee so blest,
Will find thou little better than the rest!

SENEX.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE LADIES' BALL.

A SKETCH—BY MISS LESLIE.

Then, striking to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rang each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.—*Scott.*

The gentlemen who were considered as the elite of a certain city that shall be nameless, had been for some years in the practice of giving about Christmas, a splendid ball to the ladies of the same circle. But at the period from which we date the commencement of our story, Christmas was fast approaching, and there had, as yet, been no intimation of the usual practical compliment.

Conjectures were busy among the ladies, as to the cause of this extraordinary defection; but it was most generally attributed to the palpable fact that the attention of the gentlemen had been recently directed to a very different channel. In short, the beaux were now taking vast strides in the march of intellect, pioneered by certain newly popular lecturers in various departments of science. The pursuit of knowledge, both useful and useless, had become the order of the day. Profound were the researches into those mysteries of nature that in this world can never be elucidated; and long and elaborate were the dissertations on points that, when established, could not be worth a farthing.

The "beaux turned savans," had formed themselves into an association to which they had given a polysyllabic name of Greek etymology, and beyond the power of female tongue to pronounce, or of female hand to write: but a very young girl designated it as the Fee faw fum Society. They hired a spare room in one of the public buildings, and assembled there "in close divan" on stated nights when there were to be evening lectures: several of the oldgists holding forth to their classes of afternoons.

One seemingly indispensable instructor brought up the rear of the host of lecturers, and this was a professor of mnemonics: that is, a gentleman who gave lessons in memory, pledging himself to furnish the minds of his pupils with a regular set of springs, which as soon as touched would instantly unlock the treasures of knowledge that were laid up in "the store-house of the brain:" the springs being acted upon by certain sheets of engraved and coloured hieroglyphics, some of which were numerical figures, others represented trees and houses, and cats and dogs, much in the style of what children call primmer pictures. Some of our readers may, perhaps, recollect this professor, who made the circuit of the Union a few years since.

There seemed but two objections to this system, one being that the hieroglyphics and their key were harder to remember than the things they were to remind you of: the other, that they were frequently to be understood by contraries, like the Irishman at Count Bungawaly, whose characteristic phraseology is—"When I say the garret, I mean the cellar—when I tell you to go up, I mean you to come down."

The professor of mnemonics was very unpopular with the ladies, who asserted that he had done the gentlemen more harm than good, by cramming their already overcharged heads, in many instances, destroyed what little memory they had once possessed. This was particularly the case with regard to Mr. Sherman, who having, at length, proposed in form to Miss Tremor, and the lady, in her agitation, being unable at the moment to give him an intelligible answer, he had never remembered to press his suit any further.

One thing was certain, that since the gentlemen had been taking lessons in memory, they certainly had totally to have forgotten the annual ball.

Yet, as the time drew near, there could be no doubt of its frequently entering their minds, from their fearfully evading all reference to the subject. There was evidently a tacit understanding among them, that it was inexpedient to mention the ball. But the ice was at last broken by Gordon Fitzsimmons, as they were all standing round the fire, and adjusting their cloaks and cravats, at the close of one of their society meetings.

"Is it not time," said he, "that we should begin to prepare for the Christmas ball?"

There was a silence—at last, one of the young gentlemen spoke, and replied—"that he had long since come to a conclusion that dancing was a very foolish thing, and that there was something extremely ridiculous in seeing a room-full of men and women jumping about to the sound of a fiddle. In short, he regarded it as an amusement derogatory to the dignity of human nature.

He was interrupted in the midst of his philippic by Fitzsimmons, who advised him to "consider it not so deeply." Now Fitzsimmons was himself an excellent dancer, very popular as a partner, conscious of looking well in a ball-room, and therefore a warm advocate for "the poetry of motion."

Another of the young philosophers observed "that he saw neither good nor harm in dancing, considered merely as an exercise: but that he was now busily engaged in writing a treatise on the Milky Way, the precise nature of which he had undoubtedly discovered, and therefore he had no leisure to attend to the ball or the ladies."

A second, who was originally from Norridgewock in the state of Maine, protested that almost every moment of his time was now occupied in lithographing his drawings for the Flora Norridgewockiana, a work that would constitute an important accession to the science of botany, and which he was shortly going to publish.

A third declared frankly that instead of subscribing to the ball, he should devote all his spare cash to a much more rational purpose, that of purchasing a set of geological specimens from the Himalaya mountains. A fifth, with equal candour, announced a similar intention with regard to a box of beetles lately arrived from Van Diemen's Land.

A sixth was deeply and unremittingly employed in composing a history of the Muskogee Indians, in which work he would prove to demonstration that they were of Russian origin, as their name denotes: Muskogee being evidently a corruption of Muscovite: just as the Tuscaroras are undoubtedly of Italian descent, the founders of their tribe having, of course, come over from Tuscany.

And a seventh, (who did things on a large scale) could not possibly give his attention to a ball or any thing else, till he had finished a work which would convince the world that the whole Atlantic ocean was once land, and that the whole American continent was once water.

To be brief, the number of young men that were in favour of the ball was so very limited, that it seemed impossible to get one up in a manner approaching to the style of former years. And the gentlemen, feeling a sort of consciousness that they were not exactly in their duty, became more remiss than ever in visiting the ladies.

It was now the week before Christmas: the ladies being in hourly expectation of receiving their cards, had already begun to prepare; and flowers, feathers, ribbons and laces were in great activity. Still no invitations came. It was now conjectured that the ball was, for some extraordinary reason, to be deferred till New Year's. But what this reason was, the ladies (being all in a state of pique) had too much pride to enquire.

The gentlemen began to feel a little ashamed; and Gordon Fitzsimmons had nearly prevailed on them to agree to a New Year's ball, when Apesley Sappington (who had recently returned from England in a coat by Stultz, and boots by Hoby) threw a damp on the whole business by averring that, with the exception of Miss Lucinda Mandeville, who was certainly a splendid woman with a splendid fortune, there was not a lady in the whole circle worth favouring with a ball ticket. At least so they appeared to him, after seeing Lady Caroline Percy, and Lady Augusta Howard, and Lady Georgiana Beauclerck. Mr. Sappington did not explain that his only view of these fair blossoms of nobility had been circumscribed to such glimpses as he could catch of them while he stood in the street among a crowd assembled in front of Devonshire House, to gaze on the company through the windows, which in London are always open on gala nights. He assured his friends that all the ladies of the American aristocracy had a sort of parvenue air, and looked as if they had passed their lives single one of them that would be presentable at Almark's: always excepting Miss Lucinda Mandeville.

The gentlemen saveus knew Apesley Sappington to be a savaunte, and in their own minds did not believe him; but still they thought it scarcely worth while to allow their favourite pursuits to be interrupted for the sake of giving a ball to ladies that might be unpresentable at Almack's, and that possibly looked like parvenues from the east side of Temple Bar.

The belles, though much disappointed at the failure of the expected fête, proudly determined not to advert to the subject by the remotest hint in presence of the beaux; carefully avoiding even to mention the word cotillion when a gentleman was by. One young lady left off wishing that Taglioni would come to America, the name of that celebrated *artiste* being synonimous with dancing; and another checked herself when about to enquire of her sister if she had seen a missing ball of silk, because the word ball was not to be uttered before one of the male sex.

Things were in this uncomfortable state, when Miss Lucinda Mandeville, the belle par excellence, gave a turn to them which we shall relate after presenting our readers with a sketch of the lady herself.

Miss Mandeville was very beautiful, very accomplished, and very rich, and had just completed her twenty-second year. Her parents being dead, she presided over an elegant mansion in the most fashionable part of the city, having invited an excellent old lady, a distant relation of the family, to reside with her. Mrs. Danforth, however, was but nominally the companion of Miss Mandeville, being so entirely absorbed in books that it was difficult to get her out of the library.

The hand of Miss Mandeville had been sought openly by one half the gentlemen that boasted the honour of her acquaintance, and it had been hinted at by the other half, with the exception of Gordon Fitzsimmons, a young attorney of highly promising talents, whose ambition would have led him to look forward to the probability of arriving at the summit of his profession, but whose rise was, as yet, somewhat impeded by several very singular notions: such, for instance, as that a lawyer should never plead against his conscience, and never undertake what he knows to be the wrong side of a cause.

Another of his peculiarities was a strange idea that no gentleman should ever condescend to be under pecuniary obligations to his wife—ergo—that a man who has nothing himself should never marry a woman that has any thing. This last consideration had induced Mr. Fitzsimmons to undertake the Herculean task of steeling his heart, and setting his face against the attractions of Miss Mandeville, with all her advantages of mind and person. Notwithstanding, therefore, that her conversation was always delightful to him, he rarely visited her, except when invited with other company.

Lucinda Mandeville, who since the age of sixteen had been surrounded by admirers, and accustomed to all the adulation that is generally lavished on a beauty and an heiress, was surprised at the apparent coldness of Gordon Fitzsimmons; than whom she had never met with a young man more congenial to her taste. His manifest indifference continually attracted her attention, and, after awhile, she began to suspect that it was no indifference at all, and that something else lurked beneath it. What that was, the sagacity of her sex soon enabled her to discover.

Fitzsimmons never urged Lucinda to play, never handed her to the piano, never placed her harp for her, never turned over the leaves of her music book; but she always perceived, that though he affected to mingle with the groups that stood round as listeners, he uniformly took a position from whence he could see her to advantage all the time. When she happened to glance towards him, which, it must be confessed, she did much oftener than she intended (particularly when she came to the finest passage of her song) she never failed to find his eyes fixed on her face with a gaze of involuntary admiration, that when they met, were instantly changed to an averted look of indifference.

Though he was scrupulous in dancing with her once only in the course of the evening, she could not but perceive that, during this set, his countenance, in spite of himself, lighted up with even more than its usual animation. And if she accidentally turned her head, she saw that his eyes were following her every motion: as well indeed they might, for she danced with the lightness of a sylph, and the elegance of a lady.

Notwithstanding his own acknowledged taste for every thing connected with the fine arts, Fitzsimmons never asked to see Miss Mandeville's drawings. But she observed that after she had been showing them to others, and he supposed her attention to be elsewhere engaged, he failed not to take them up, and gaze on them as if he found it difficult to lay them down again.

In conversation, he never rejoiced a compliment to Miss Mandeville, but often dissented with her opinion, and frequently rallied her.—Yet when she was talking to any one else, he always contrived to be within hearing: and frequently, when engaged himself in conversing with others, he involuntarily stopped short to listen to what Lucinda was saying.

Miss Mandeville had read much, and seen much, and had had much love made to her: but her heart had never, till now, been touched even slightly. That Fitzsimmons admired her she could not possibly doubt: and that he loved her she would have been equally certain, only that he continued all the time in excellent health and spirits; that so far from sitting "like patience on a monument," he seldom sat any where: that when he smiled (which he did very often) it was evidently not at grief: and that the concealment he affected, was assuredly not feeding on his cheek, which so far from turning "green and yellow," had lost nothing of its "natural ruby."

Neither was our heroine at all likely to die for love. Though there seemed no prospect of his coming to a proposal, and though she was sometimes assured by the youngest and prettiest of her female friends, that they knew from authentic sources that Mr. Fitzsimmons had magnanimously declared against marrying a woman of fortune; yet other ladies, who were neither young nor handsome, and had no hope of Mr. Fitzsimmons for themselves, were so kind as to convince Miss Mandeville that he admired her even at "the very top of admiration." And these generous and disinterested ladies were usually, after such agreeable communications, invited by Miss Mandeville to pass the evening with her.

Also—our heroine chanced one day to overhear a conversation between Dora her own maid, and another mulatto girl; in which Dora averred to her companion that she had heard from no less authority than Squire Fitzsimmons's man Cato, "who always wore a blue coat, be the colour what it may, that the squire was dead in love with Miss Lucinda, as might be seen from many invisible *symptoms*, and that both Dora and Cato had a certain *foregiving* that it would turn out a match at last, for all that the lady had the money on her side, which to be sure, was rather unnatural; and that the wedding might be looked for *unanemily*."

In the course of the next quarter of an hour, Miss Lucinda called Dora into her dressing room, and presented her with a little Thibet shawl, which she had worn but once. Dora grinned understandingly: and from that time she contrived to be overheard so frequently in similar conversations, that much of the effect was diminished.

To resume the thread of our narrative.—Lucinda being one morning on a visit to her friend Miss Vernon, the latter adverted to the failure of the annual dancing party.

"What would the beaux say,"—exclaimed Lucinda, struck with a sudden idea,—"if the belles were to give a ball to *them*, by way of hinting our sense of their extraordinary remissness. Let us convince them, that according to the luminous and incontrovertible aphorism of the illustrious Sam Patch, "some things may be done as well as others."

"Excellent,"—replied Miss Vernon—"the thought is well worth pursuing. Let us try what we can make of it."

The two young ladies then proceeded to an animated discussion of the subject, and the more they talked of it, the better they liked it. They very soon moulded the idea into regular form: and as there was no time to be lost, they set out to call on several of their friends and mention it to them.

The idea, novel as it seemed, was seized on with avidity by all to whom it was suggested, and a secret conclave was held on the following morning at Miss Mandeville's house, where the ladies debated with closed doors, while the plan was organized and the particulars arranged: which "consumed more much," also thereof.

Next day, notes of invitation to a ball given by the ladies, were sent round to the gentlemen; all of whom were surprised, and many mortified, for they at once saw the motive, and understood the implied reproof. Some protested that they should never have courage to go, and talked of declining the invitation. But the majority decided on accepting it, justly concluding that it was best to carry the thing off with a good grace; and having, besides, much curiosity to see how the ladies would conduct, if we may be pardoned a yankeeism.

Fitzsimmons declared that the delinquent beaux were rightly punished by this palpable hit of the belles. And he congratulated himself on having always voted in favour of the ball being given as formerly: secretly hoping that Miss Mandeville knew that *he* had not been one of the backsliders. We are tolerably sure that she *did* know it.

Eventually the invitations were all accepted, and the preparations went secretly but rapidly on, under the superintendence of Miss Mandeville and Miss Vernon. In the mean time, the gentlemen knowing that they all looked conscious and foolish, avoided the ladies, and kept themselves as much out of their sight as possible; with the exception of Gordon Fitzsimmons, he being the only one that felt freedom to "wear his heaver up."

At length, the eventful evening arrived. It had been specified in the note that the ladies were to meet the gentlemen at the ball-room, which was a public one engaged for the occasion. Accordingly, the beaux found all the belles there before them: the givers of the fête having gone in their own conveyances, an hour in advance of the time appointed for their guests.

The six ladies that officiated as managers (and were all distinguished by a loop of blue ribbon drawn through the belt) met the gentlemen at the door as they entered the ball-room, and taking their hands, conducted them to their seats with much mock civility. The gentlemen though greatly ashamed, tried in vain to look grave.

The room was illuminated with astral lamps whose silver rays shone out from clusters of blue and purple flowers, and with crystal chandeliers whose pendant drops sparkled amid festoons of roses. The walls were painted of a pale and beautiful cream colour. Curtains of the richest crimson, relieved by their masses of shadow, the brilliant lightness of the other decorations: their deep silken fringes reflected in the mirrors, whose polished surfaces were partially hidden by folds of their graceful drapery. The orchestra represented a splendid oriental tent; and the musicians were habited in uniform Turkish dresses, their white turbans strikingly contrasting their black faces.

At the opposite end of the room was an excellent transparency, executed by an artist from a sketch by Miss Mandeville. It depicted a medley of scenery and figures, but so skilfully and tastefully arranged as to have a very fine effect when viewed as a whole. There was a Virginian lady assisting her cavalier to mount his horse—a Spanish damsel under the lattice of her lover, serenading him with a guitar—a Swiss peasantine supporting the steps of a chamois hunter as he timidly clambered up a rock—four Hindoo women carrying a Brahmin in a palanquin—an English girl rowing a sailor in a boat—and many other anomalies of a similar description. Beneath the picture was a scroll fancifully ornamented, and containing the words "Le monde renversé."

That nothing might be wanting to the effect of the ball, the ladies had made a point of appearing this evening in dresses unusually splendid and recherché. The elegant form of Lucinda Mandeville was attired in a rich purple satin, bordered with gold embroidery, and trimmed round the neck with blond lace. Long full sleeves of the same material threw their transparent shade over her beautiful arms, and were confined at intervals with bands of pearls clasped with amethysts. A chain of pearls was arranged above the curls of her dark and glossy hair, crossing at the back of her head, and meeting in front, where it terminated in a splendid amethyst aigrette. Three short white feathers tastefully disposed at intervals, completed the coiffure, which was peculiarly becoming to the noble and resplendent style of beauty that the noble and resplendent style of beauty that the noble and resplendent style of beauty that our heroine; though to a little slight distinguished our heroine; though to a little slight distinguished our heroine; though to a little slight distinguished

We'll dwell upon the fickleness of woman, the press is daily teeming with charges of coquetry, while the weaker part of creation bear undeserved the unkind reproaches of others. Now although I cannot pretend to deny, that the world contains some capricious women, so base as to trifle with the generous affections of your sex, yet I must deny that *we* are the cause of so many Bachelors.

Within my circle of acquaintance, I have never met with one who loved to tyrannize over you; no, I can say with truth, it has been to me, and to many, the most unpleasant hours of my life, when I have had to blast the fond hopes of some, whom I esteemed, but could not love; sympathized with but could not admire. And though it may have been your misfortune, to meet with one who is the scourge and scorn of her sex, yet I venture to assert, that not one woman in *ten* loves to torture the nobler sex, by gaining the affections she cannot return, by fascinating, and then ridiculing, and exposing with. Nor are we fickle beings, for

"Woman's love all change will mock,
And, like the ivy round the oak,
Clinz closest in the storm."

Alas! here lies our misfortune, could we but change as our admirers do, and transfer our affections to the next fond lover that bows before us; there would not be so many broken hearted females, or so many gentlemen offers spurned. Pardon me if I say your opinion of females is altogether an erroneous one. Do you imagine us such sordid mercenary creatures, as to calculate the wealth of a gentleman? Do you think we bestow our hand upon the most advantageous offer? I assure you, it is not so, young ladies seldom inquire the *fortune* of their admirers. It is true, some parents, crave most sinfully to marry their daughters to wealthy men; but happiness is all that we desire, all we seek after and we hope to obtain it, by uniting ourselves with noble minded, intelligent, and affectionate men.

You ask, why are there so many old maids? It is not because they have had no offers, nor have they been coquets, but because *they* have seen their "fondest hopes decay," they have been wooed and won, and then left the victims of an inconstant adorer, a creature of impulse, a fickle false-hearted being. Disappointed in their first love, they are left to sorrow in silence, and mourn the frailty of mankind. They have loved, and placed all their hopes of happiness on him who has proved faithless, and has forgotten all his former protestations of unchanging love; they find the "dream has passed, the vision ended," the scene is changed, the devoted lover has contracted a tenderness for another lady; he confesses he has been too hasty in his avowal of love; he kindly informs the lady that he cannot appreciate her affection and is therefore unworthy of her, he begs to be released from his engagement, and finally, concludes, by entreating her to forget the past, and hope that brighter days may dawn on her. Thank you she can forget, and bless another with her love?

Ah! "No! the twines
Its vines to drink round a sister prop,
And rears its blighted blossoms toward that sky
Which hath no cloud."

You blame us and call us cruel when we do not accept the offers we receive, but you forget, that, "No after love can ever remove the canker of the heart." We prefer the dreaded title of an old maid, rather than unite ourselves to one while our heart is another's. This is why there are so many old maids; it is your sex that causes it. When men become discreet and love amiable women, in preference to beautiful ones, when they look at the mind and not the form, then they will have no cause to mourn over blighted hopes; for an amiable woman scorns coquetry, and when men cease to act from impulse and have more prudence, integrity and honour about them, than they have at the present day, then men will cease to be bachelors and women old maids.

ELIZA.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Remarkable Case of Blindness Removed.—There is at present in the Liverpool Ophthalmic Infirmary a case of great interest. The patient is a little girl who was *born blind*. About three years ago Mr. Neill operated on the right eye. The operation was successful, and she obtained sight. She was then in her eighth year. On Saturday last, 4th instant, Mr. Neill operated on the left eye, in the Shrewsbury street Institution, with a similar happy result. This little creature, born blind, and for eight years in darkness, is now in full possession of the most precious sense; she can distinguish colours and the smallest objects. Her knowledge of distance after the first operation was but a long time imperfect. The sight of which was presented to the notice of the eye was a half penny. For weeks afterwards every circular object, no matter how large, or what colour, was called a half-penny. Her residence was in Dovecourt, School-lane, and when blind every nook and corner in the neighborhood was familiar to her. When she obtained sight she often used to lose her way, sometimes even close to her own door. The instant this would occur she would shut her eyes and feel round until some known object was touched. Then, with her eyes closed, she would hurry home, guided by her accustomed sense of touch.

Naples is a walled city, and is the fourth of importance in Europe, being only inferior to London, Paris, and Constantinople. It is situated in lat. 40 50 North, and contains 350,000 inhabitants, of whom, it is supposed, 30,000 are paupers, or lazzaroni. It is said to be the most densely populated city in the world, from the abundance of poor nobility. The trade of Naples is small, owing to the prevalence of idleness, ignorance, superstition, folly and dissipation. It exports the products of the country, consisting of silk, wool, cotton, olive oil, wines, wheat, corn, and fruit. Its position is high and commanding.

Pompeii was anciently a walled city of about two miles in circumference, originally washed by the sea, though it is now a mile distant. It is about six or seven miles from the top of Vesuvius, and a little farther from mount Somma, which in the year 79 of our era, poured upon Pompeii ashes, hot water and pumice stones, and upon Herculaneum solid lava, burying both for seventeen centuries. I walked the streets of Pompeii, which was not even discovered until 1750, and which now stands discovered in melancholy grandeur, the city of the destruction. I saw her disinterred temples, theatres, villas, prisons and tombs. Her shops and common dwellings still remain. I saw yet standing the abode of their Deities, or rather of the craft of the priesthood of Pompeii. The splendid house of Diomede, the spacious and sumptuous city baths, and the richly ornamented fountains are here. I saw Mosaic floors and painted walls decorating the temples of the gods and the abodes of the great. I walked several streets of this deserted city, which are paved with flag stones, with convenient side walks. The pavement was deeply worn by the wheels of carriages, showing the great antiquity of Pompeii. In these streets, in the mystical abode of the oracle, in the amphitheatre, in the Forum, in the Patrician mansions and Plebian dwellings, all was silence. The sleep of seventeen centuries is broken, but the light of life dawns not again on Pompeii.

The Press in Germany.—Munich, Dec. 1.—The German Courier has announced that the Government of the Circle of the Lower Maine has issued an ordinance, by which booksellers are enjoined to submit every new work which they will receive to the Board of Censorship, immediately on its arrival, on pain of subjecting themselves to a penalty of 100 dollars.

Herculaneum.—While dinner was preparing we proceeded by torch light into subterranean Herculaneum. I entered in the village of Resina, where a large subterranean theatre has been excavated out of sand lava poured into it seventeen centuries ago. Papyrus manuscripts in Greek have been found in Herculaneum, and other curiosities. This city lies beneath the present towns of Resina and Portici, and care is said to be necessary to avoid disturbing the buildings of the superincumbent towns. This city as well as Pompeii and Paestum, were originally Greek colonies.

I purchased of the chief guide a suit of volcanic minerals. We returned by night to Naples. Our way was lighted by the fires of Vesuvius which flamed up towards the Heavens, illuminating the mountain, the plains, the city and the bay of Naples.

I found myself once more in the Neapolis of the ancients, a city said to have been founded by the Greeks thirteen hundred years before the Christian era, and first called Palaene. I again visited its museum and saw her monuments of the past, from which at a glance I read the intellectual and moral character of the ancients. That character was such as might be expected from their imperfect moral illumination. If the doctrines of Jesus Christ are considered only as an enlightened moral philosophy, their softening effect on morals is most important. That system might well claim to be divine that has changed the morality of the world. I saw at the Museum, statues of Socrates, Solon, Plato, Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander the Great, Cicero, Archimedes, Demosthenes, Zeno, Herodotus, Adrian, and many other distinguished Greeks and Romans. In Naples, I likewise saw several times, Jesuits and other priests going in great state with the consecrated water, to administer the sacrament to the dying. A rich silk canopy highly gilded, was carried over the priest by assistants, and he was followed by a train. As they passed, the pious Neapolitans either lifted their hats or kneeled. On several occasions in Italy I have seen the same thing. At Florence a general kneeling took place of thousands as a splendid religious procession passed, with its brilliant silk canopy, silk banners, and its richly dressed and numerous clergy. These processions are very imposing, and on funeral occasions, a long line of maskers, in white robes, carrying large long candles in their hands, a la mode preceding priests and monks, singing the requiem of the departed spirit. I beheld one of these processions at Salerno, where the dead body was carried in the procession in a splendid open coffin finely gilt. I followed the procession to a church, which was filled with lighted candles. Here the monks chanted the funeral dirge with impassioned wildness and deep effect.—After the ceremonies were over, the body, I was told, was to be removed from the state coffin to the one in which it was to be buried.

On one occasion, at Naples, I saw what a Hamburg lady of my acquaintance sarcastically called 'enlightening the people: four or five priests were marshalling twenty-five or thirty dirty looking boys and girls behind a banner of the Virgin, and the boys and girls were singing an ave maria under this holy tuition.

Virgil died at Brundusium, on the Adriatic, was brought to Naples and interred two miles from the city at Baiæ. In the streets of Naples on the side walks are frequently be seen Neapolitan scribes or law-yers; they were sitting with pen, ink and paper, ready to write anything for a fee. They were shabby looking fellows.—*Letters from Naples.*

THE DYING.

BY MARY EMILY JACKSON.

Oh, mother, make my bed for me,
I'll ask it not again,
Why are thy eyes so dim with tears?
I would not give thee pain.

Father, dear father, are I die,
Draw near thy couch of death,
And seal thy blessing, ere I yield
My last expiring breath.

Sister, stretch out thy trembling hand,
I feel I'm dying now,
Wipe off those tear drops from thy eyes,
And smooth my burning brow.

Brother, breathe out thy last farewell,
And give thy parting kiss,
Ere my freed spirit takes it flight,
To yon bright world of bliss.

Friends of my gay and joyous hours,
I've loved you deep and long,
Breathe out for me one parting prayer,
And sing one parting song.

Farewell, but when I'm laid to rest,
Breathe not for me a sigh,
Death comes! it was a grief to live,
An endless bliss to die.

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, January 24.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.

☞ Advertisements from a distance, are not inserted in this paper, unless paid for in advance.

☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, every postmaster will please always mention at what post office the papers are received.

To Readers and Correspondents.

Lines by SENEX, are on file for insertion. G. D. is not adapted for publication, as the writer will perceive if he reads his article in connexion with any poetry of acknowledged merit.

JUVENIS we are constrained to reject, although he rhymes with considerable facility. His verses are lack-a-daisical and common-place.

"The Widowed Bride," will be published shortly.

The Village Herald, a thriving newspaper establishment in Princess Anne, Md., is offered for sale by the proprietor, Mr. John S. Zeber, who is desirous of leaving the state. It is said to be a profitable concern, and will be sold low.

Key & Biddle are about to publish a work under the title of "The Home Book of Health and Medicine," designed as a family adviser for parents and heads of families. It promises to be a book of substantial merit. See advertisement.

COL. CROCKETT'S TOUR.

Messrs. Carey and Hart will publish, early in February, a new work written by Crockett, containing an account of his late tour to the North and Down East, his object being "to examine the grand manufacturing establishments of the country, and also to find out the condition of the literature and morals, the extent of its commerce, and the practical operation of 'The Experiment.'" It has for its motto the following very excellent remark:

"*When thou dost read a book, do not turn the leaves only, but gather the fruit.*"

The work will no doubt embrace a vast fund of entertaining matter, if we may form an opinion from the following extract which we have been permitted to copy. The Colonel's drolleries are irresistible.

"After dinner I went upon the deck, and saw the captain hoisting three flags. Says I, 'What does that mean?' He replied that he was under promise to the citizens of Philadelphia, if I was on board to hoist his flags, as a friend of mine had said he expected I would be along soon.

We went on till we came in sight of the city; and as we advanced towards the wharf, I saw the whole face of the earth covered with people, all anxiously looking on towards the boat. The captain and myself were standing on the bow-deck; he pointed his finger at me, and the people slung their hats, and huzzaed for Colonel Crockett. It struck me with astonishment to hear a strange people huzzaing for me, and made me feel sort of queer. It took me so uncommon unexpected, as I had no idea of attracting attention. But I had to meet it, and so I stepped on to the wharf, where the folks came crowding round, saying "Give me the hand of an honest man." I did not know what all this meant; but some gentlemen took hold of me, and pressing through the crowd, put me up into an elegant barouche, drawn by four fine horses; they then told me to bow to the people: I did so, and with much difficulty we moved off. The streets were crowded to a great distance, and the windows full of people, looking out, I supposed, to see a wild man.—I thought I had rather be in the wilderness with my gun and dogs, than to be attracting all that fuss. I had never seen the like before, and did not know exactly how to act or what to do. I was afraid I should do something wrong, as there were a great many people there. They took me to the robbed bank, and which the robber's call a "monster," so that the varmints might be near one another. The crowd had followed me, filling up the street, and pressing into the house to shake hands. I was conducted up stairs, and walked out on a platform, drew off my hat, and bowed round to the people. They cried from all quarters, "A speech, a speech, Colonel Crockett."

After the noise had quit, so I could be heard, I said to them the following words.

"GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA,

"My visit to your city is rather accidental. I had no expectation of attracting any uncommon attention. I am travelling for my health, without the least wish of exciting the people in such times of high political feeling. I do not wish to encourage it. I am unable at this time to find language suitable to return my gratitude to the citizens of Philadelphia. However, I am almost induced to believe it flattery—perhaps a burlesque. This is new to me, yet I see nothing but friendship in your faces; and if your curiosity is to hear the backwoodsman, I will assure you I am ill-prepared to address this most enlightened people. However, gentlemen, if this is a curiosity to you, if you will meet me to-morrow, at one o'clock, I will endeavour to address you in my plain manner." So I made my obeisance to them and retired into the house.

After night, when I could walk out unknown, I went up street or down, I don't know which, but took good care not to turn any corners, for fear I might get lost. I soon found that the streets were laid off square. This I thought was quere enough for a Quaker city, for they don't generally come up square to nothing: even their coats have a kind of slope, at least so they have cut Mister Penn's coat in the capitol. This may be wrong, too, for I was told that when the man who made hats first knocked off "the kivers" of the house where he worked at him, he had cut out Mister Penn with a regular built continental cocked hat on; and it was so much laughed at, to see such a hat on a quaker, that as soon as Congress rose, he cut off his head, and worked on a new one, with a rale sloped broad brim.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AN EVENING AT NEIL'S—No. 5.

Sir Oracle, Fustian and Squibb. Fustian perusing a file of the Boston Transcript.

Fustian.—So—another Trollope, and a second edition of Mr. Fiddle-de-dee, and his disobedient and fretful wife. The Americans, I trust, will now learn a lesson that they will never forget.

Squibb.—To whom do you allude.

Fustian.—To the authoress of the forth-coming work on "domestic manners."

Sir Oracle.—And what may be the lesson?

Fustian.—Common sense! Common sense, to teach our people the proper estimation in which they should hold foreign mountebanks, who come here to gull us of our money, and then go away or retire, to laugh at our duplicity, and abuse us for our generosity.

Squibb.—Do you mean to apply these remarks to the forth-coming work?

Fustian.—Read, and judge for yourself—perhaps you have already read the extracts before me, and if so you must unquestionably admire the writer's magnanimity in alleging that her father's Hamlet in New York, was like casting "*pearls before swine*"—her very liberal appreciation of Boston aristocracy, descended from *English servant maids*—and her refinement and delicacy in speaking of the bugs by which she was overrun in New York.

Squibb.—But are you sure that the extracts are genuine?

Fustian.—Who doubts?

Sir Oracle.—Genuine or not, they have undoubtedly been received as such, and it cannot be disguised that they have occasioned much disappointment. The lady as an actress, received much more praise than she deserved—as a writer and a gift of genius, full as much adulation as she merited. That she should take advantage of the spontaneous favours heaped upon her, to retaliate by gross absurdities and unjust ce, was certainly not expected by her numerous admirers.

Squibb.—Take advantage!—I do not see the force of your remarks. The lady came here as an actress—was received and caressed as such. In that capacity she gathered as much gold as she wanted, for which she gave the *quid pro quo*. Who has a right to complain, if she now laughs at the fools who lifted her into the saddle, or made sonnets to her eyebrows?—Besides, the extracts quoted by Fustian, are no doubt "first impressions," which may be much modified by her explanatory notes.

Sir Oracle.—*Modified*, indeed. I like that word. Did Mr Squibb ever hear Fustian's anecdote of a gentleman of the West?

Squibb.—Never.

Sir Oracle.—Mr. Fustian shall relate it, for it is a case in point.

Fustian.—You must know, friend Squibb, that when I was last in Kentucky, I was invited to a wedding. The company was large and respectable; the entertainment splendid; the amusements various and gratifying. After the marriage ceremony was performed, the lady retired with some female friends to an adjoining room, while the groom remained to do honor to his guests. The fiddle was tuned—the wine uncorked—glasses circulated freely, and the dancers, pel-ding the newly married man, were soon in motion. In the middle of a *straight-four*, a servant entered, and whispered in the groom's ear, something that appeared to be of vast importance. "Stop the dance, gentlemen," said the groom; "hush that music, you wool-head, and listen. The servant says that my wife is about to run away with another man; I must look after that, and let nobody stir till I come back." The injured husband retired, but soon after returned.—"Strike up again, boys," said he—"go ahead, Sambo—fiddle away there. What the fellow said was true. I caught the rascal just in the act of running away with my wife, and my two best horses, and I should have used him up right straight, but he—*apologized like a gentleman!*

Sir Oracle.—Speaking of females, gentlemen, do you notice the efforts now "being made" to elevate the sex by making them printers and editors?

Fustian.—Yes—and the attempt will fail. The experiment has been tried before, and without success. An employer who had at one time a number of girls engaged as compositors, in a separate room, told me that such a recipe he was never in before, and such an one he never would be in again, though he should attain the age of old Noah. The girls would not work steadily for half an hour at a time, and he dismissed them at considerable loss.

Squibb.—Loquaciousness, I suppose, was their chief fault.

Fustian.—Not exactly their *chief* fault, but one of many faults. On one occasion, when he was particularly anxious to push out a work in a short time, he overheard a terrible commotion among his female *jours.*—For some moments

"He listened to the sound,
So familiar to his ears"—

But the noise increased and he burst into the room. What do you think he saw?

Sir Oracle.—Perhaps a cap-pulling for the foreman of the establishment—

Squibb.—Or a trial as to the size of their respective waists—

Fustian.—Neither. But he saw one of the ladies decorated with coat, hat and breeches, making love, in true masculine style—to one of her companions. The whole circle were in extacies, having forgotten copy, case, work, and every thing else.

Sir Oracle.—The truth is, the printing-business is, in no particular, suitable for females. The actual labor of setting up types is inconsiderable it is true, and might be performed by the weaker sex, but setting up type is but a small portion of the business. Proof-taking, the locking up and lifting of heavy forms, and the working of the press, are necessary, and these duties cannot be discharged by girls.

Squibb.—But may not females confine themselves exclusively to the lighter branches of the business.

Sir Oracle.—Certainly, but they are then thrown in connexion with men. They must work in the same office, in the same room, and perhaps at the same stand. This intimacy would be delightful to the men, no doubt, but it would be destructive of female dignity.

Squibb.—Were you ever in a printing-office Sir Oracle?

Sir Oracle.—Frequently; and I can well imagine what they would be, if female compositors were introduced—

"Sir, whose *take* is it? Here's a *fat* page."

"It is mine."

"You have still plenty of copy; will you *jeff* for it.

"Yes—go ahead, Pete"

"There—*fire*, a very good *throw*."

"I can beat that—there, I told you so—*seven*. The copy is mine still.

"You're a lucky dog, Sal, I'll vote for you at the next election."

"Do so, and if I'm successful, I'll have you promoted from a *half-price to a two-thirds*. By the way, Pete, what makes the *jours* call Tom, the *devil*.

"Because he is the *devil*."

"La, me, you don't say so—I thought they only called him so for fun.

"Fun, indeed—just tread on his foot, and see how soon he'll show his *tail*, and spin round to kill. Be a foreman—Order there."

"Peter don't talk so loud—that foreman is a second edition of old Gray, the schoolmaster—*Did* you know o'd Gray?"

[*Foreman*—Silence.]

Squibb.—But why make mechanics of females, to the prejudice of the interests of men, when nearly one half of our citizens are not supplied with domestics?

Fustian.—That's a question I should be pleased to hear answered. There is, without doubt, a scarcity of "helps," and if this scheme of making printers of females is persisted in, we shall be obliged to apprentice boys to the duties of the kitchen, and bring them up to cookery and bed-making.

LIFE INSURANCES.—At the time the bill for incorporating the Pennsylvania Company for Insurances on Lives, was before the Legislature, one of our citizens who happened to be at the seat of government, mentioned after his return, a conversation which he said he had overheard between a couple of the members, in relation to it. One of them said, in his German dialect, that if the company should be incorporated, old McKean the Governor would get his life insured, and by that means we should be saddled with him for another nine years. To this the other wiseacre replied, that he differed with his friend; that he had no faith in life insurances, for he once heard of a case in which a man got his life insured for ten years, and died in less than six months.

Now every body ought to know, that an insurance on a man's life, cannot possibly make him die any sooner, (for loss of life by suicide and duels is always excepted in the contract,) but it is by no means clear that the Dutchman was entirely wrong, who thought that an insurance would make a man live longer. Every one is sensible that longevity is dependent upon health, and that health is dependent in a very great degree upon tranquility of mind. Let any one compare the chances of the life of a man, who has a large family dependent upon him for support, and who is constantly weighed down by the thought, that when he dies, they will be left destitute in the world, with those of the man, who with a similar family, has an insurance on his life for $10,000, purchased by a saving of three hundred dollars a year from his salary, his earnings or his profits in business, and then let him form his own opinion of the two. No man who has ever felt the grinding hand of poverty, or, even seen poverty at a distance staring him in the face, can hesitate to say which of the two lives would have the best chances. Let every man then, whose death would entail misery upon others, enquire whether he cannot avert it, by resorting at once to an insurance on his life. If he cannot spare $300 a year to insure ten thousand, he can perhaps spare one half the sum, and insure five thousand. The sum of $150 a year could easily be *saved* by any family that spends fifteen hundred, without losing one substantial comfort. In many families the cutting off of mere luxuries and useless superfluities, would save the amount of such a premium, and there is scarcely one, in which, $30 might not be saved annually, to insure one thousand, which would enable a man's widow to have time to look out for some mode of livelihood, before being turned out of house and home. We do earnestly hope, that the public attention will be drawn to this subject. More misery can be averted by life insurances, than most people are apt to imagine, and it near relations, upon whose shoulders the burthen of supporting the families of others must fall, would urge the measure whilst there is time, in the right quarter, they might save themselves a permanent and heavy tax.

In the above estimates we have taken three per cent. as the premium of insurance. That of course must vary according to the age of the party, and his liability to exposure to danger. In some cases it will be more and in others less. It will also depend upon the length of time insured for. A risk for two years can be insured at a less annual premium, than one for seven years, and one for seven years, at a less annual premium than one for the whole duration of life. A soldier and a sailor cannot be insured upon as low terms, as a private citizen, or a landsman, but that fact shews how important to the former it is, that they should make provision for their families.

SINGULAR AFFAIR.—A man aged ninety-eight, residing at the west end of the city, who had thus far led a strictly economical life, living entirely by himself, was a short time since taken unwell, and through the persuasions of his friends, induced to become a boarder in a private family. It was with much difficulty, however, that he was prevailed upon to adopt this course, as he considered it would be attended with a greater expense than his means would afford. Indeed, he consented only on condition that it should cost him no more than his previous maintenance. On removing his furniture, &c. to his new abode, two thousand dollars in silver, and one thousand dollars in Bank bills, were found concealed in different parts of the house. The bills had been partly eaten by rats, but luckily were not so materially injured as to prevent their being redeemed.—They were on the first emission of old Banks. No person was before aware of his having this sum in his possession, and it is probable he had forgotten it himself. This sum, in addition to his other property, renders him a man of opulent circumstances—being worth at this moment about $12,000. He served in the old French war, and through the American Revolutionary war, and is now receiving a pension for his services.—*Providence paper.*

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The Ice boat on Wednesday afternoon cut her way through the ice to Gloucester Point, below which the navigation had been open for several days. Some small vessels came up to the city this morning, and the navigation below is now only obstructed by floating ice, which will soon disappear.

We learn that the Bank of Pennsylvania has undertaken the Agency of the Planters' Bank of Tennessee, and will attend to the business and interests of that institution in this city.

The County Commissioners of Philadelphia have elected the following officers for the ensuing year.

County Treasurer	Wm. Stephens,
Clerk	Wm. Rodenfield,
Assistant Clerk	Wm. O. Kline,
Solicitor	Geo. M. Dallas, Esq.

Prosecuting Attorney of lotteries, recognizances and fines, James Goodman, Esq.

We are requested to state that the Northern Soup house in Charlotte above Brown street, is open every week day between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock, for the gratuitous distribut on of Soup to the poor.

We learn from the National Intelligencer that John T. Sullivan, of this city, who was at the last session of the Senate rejected as a Government Director of the Bank of the United States, was on the 15th inst. rejected by the Senate as Paymaster in the army, to which latter office he had been appointed by the President during the recess.

At a meeting of the society for the institution and support of Friday or Sunday Schools, held on Wednesday evening, the following persons were elected officers for the present year:—

President—Right Rev. Bishop White.
Vice President—Frederick Erringer.
Treasurer—Charles J. Sutter.
Secretary—George S. Scofield.

We understand that Col. Roumfort of Germantown, the gentleman who recently presented the brass-mounted sword to the President, has been appointed military store-keeper, (with the pay and emoluments of a Captain in the Army,) at the U. S. Arsenal, near Frankford. This office has, we believe, been created for the occasion.

We are informed that two dwelling houses in Tent s near Market, were robbed a little before daybreak on Sunday morning, of a considerable amount of property in silver, &c. The burglary was effected by forcing open the lower back windows. A little black boy, in one of the buildings, who happened to be stirring, met the thieves—two negroes—in the kitchen, and recognised one of them as a woodsawyer, who had been employed on the premises a few days before.—They threatened the lad into silence, and on their departure after eating and making themselves comfortable, stowed him up in a closet. He gave the alarm by clamor, but the birds had flown.—*Penn.*

It appears from a report upon the subject lately made to the Secretary of State that the amount of steam power and water wheels used in the manufactories in Scotland is equal to the strength of 10,152 horses.

An Indian Representative.—We are informed by a letter from a friend at Carrollton, Miss., says the Augusta Courier, that the election which ended on the 8th Dec. has resulted in the selection of Greenwood LeFlore, late Chief of the Choctaws, to represent Carroll County in the next Legislature of the State of Mississippi.

Counterfeits.—We learn that a number of counterfeit notes on the Bank of Pennsylvania, of the denomination of ten dollars, have been put into circulation within a day or two. They are very well executed, but the paper is rather whiter than that of the genuine notes. Storekeepers and others will do well to keep a sharp look out.

SUPERFINE ROTTEN BROAD CLOTH.—A writer in the Commercial Herald states, that in England old woollen clothes are manufactured into new broad cloths, and that they are finished so neatly, as not to be distinguishable in appearance from the best quality of cloths. He thinks, that a large portion of the cloths imported into this country from Great Britain are of this description.

New York and Philadelphia almost one city.—It is stated in the New York Gazette that on the 15th inst the passengers from Philadelphia, who came over the Camden and Amboy Rail Road, reached there in six hours and twenty minutes!!!

The New York Journal of Commerce of Saturday, says:—There arrived at this port yesterday, 9 ships, 20 brigs, and 38 schooners. Total, 67. Of which from foreign ports, 20.

This morning there have arrived 2 ships, 1 barque, 12 brigs, 8 schooners, and 1 sloop. Total 24. Of which from foreign ports 6.

The Rail Road.—The Delaware Journal says, Mr. Strickland is diligently engaged in the survey of the route to North East. He is ably assisted by his friend and former pupil, Mr. Trautwine, the Engineer of the Philadelphia and Trenton rail road. Both these gentlemen speak in the most favorable terms of the advantages and facilities of the route.

A Convention is proposed to be held in Pittsburg, on the 3d of February ensuing, for the purpose of promoting the construction of the western section of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

In addition to the orders to fit the Constitution for sea, orders have been received to fit the sloop of war Hornet. She is now being coppered in the Dry Dock at Navy Yard.

Mail Robbery.—The mail between Brantford and St. Thomas, U. C. has been recently robbed of between $1200 and $1600, part of the money belonging to the Agricultural Bank of Toronto.

The Society of Friends, have opened their first Meeting House in the city at Brooklyn.

Lynde Catlin's house in Chambers-street N. Y. opposite the Park, sold last week at auction for *thirty-three thousand six hundred dollars.*

THE WILLIAM GIBBONS.—This fine packet made her last trip for the season from New York to Charleston, in the short passage of three days.

The amount of Bank Notes in circulation in Georgia is $2,384,539—with a specie capital of $1,695,573 to redeem them.

A public meeting is about to be held at Harrisburg, for the purpose of nominating Gen. Harrison for the next Presidency.

The Journal of Commerce states that the damage by the fire in Chatham street, on Tuesday morning is about $40,000, and the insurance about $27,000.

University of New York.—The regents of this University have appointed the Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, Chancellor, in the place of Simeon De Witt, Esq deceased.

HORRID MURDER.—The Easton (Md.) Whig states, that a man named Edward Hramble was murdered by another named Jonathan Clash, the parties having quarelled at a tavern in Easton. The wound was inflicted by a knife. Clash has been apprehended and confined in gaol.

The New York Star contains a particular account of a set-to, between Dave Williamson, of Philadelphia, and Jim Phelim, of New York, on the Jersey side of the river; in which, after a beastly pommelling, that both deserved, Williamson was beaten.

It is said that Andrew Stevenson, late Speaker of the House of Representatives, will before the close of the session, be renominated by the President as Minister to England. The nomination will be sent in as soon as the new Senator from Maine arrives at Washington.

Among the works advertised in London as "in the press," is the journal of Mrs. Butler, late Miss Kemble.

The Supreme Court of the United States commenced its annual session at Washington on the 12th—present Chief Justice Marshall, and Judges Thomson and M'Lean.

The President of the United States entertained Mr. Sheridan Knowles at his private table on the 16th inst. and this gentleman, upon the occasion of his valedictory address to the Washington audience, has declared his sense of that high honor, and acknowledges it to have been the *highest* ever extended to him during his life.

The New York Star states that it is currently reported in the Green-room that Forrest is about to appear in the character of Spartacus in Bird's tragedy of the Gladiator, on the London boards.

The National Intelligencer of the 16th inst. says:—"The venerable Judge Duvall has resigned his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States; and Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, is understood to have been nominated to the Senate by the President of the United States, yesterday, to succeed him. (The nomination has not been acted upon.)

The Boston Gazette of the 13th inst. says:—"One of the Pillars intended for the new Court House arrived in town last evening about ten o'clock. It was drawn by 65 yoke of oxen and 10 horses, and the *cavalcade* was frequently cheered as it passed through Washington street.

The Boston Bulletin mentions that on Saturday afternoon a large cherry tree, a foot in diameter, in the yard of Mrs. Cleary's house, in Lyman Place, was split and laid open to the heart, from the root to the top—doubtless occasioned by the late excessive cold weather. The tree was planted by the aged occupant of the house.

COMMERCE OF PORTLAND.—The number of foreign arrivals in 1833, were 177; 1831, 169. Clearances.—1833, 228; 1831, 231. Imported in 1833, 3,941,557 gallons molasses, less 2 per ct. for leakage; 180,158 bushels salt. In 1831, 3,301,584 gals. molasses, less 2 per ct 231,469 bushels salt.

Boston harbor on Sunday presented an unwonted spectacle. During, or just after divine service in the afternoon, there were not less than 4 or 5000 people upon the ice, scattered about in different directions, all in sight at one time.

Col. W. B. Woodbridge has been elected Brigadier General of the Ninth Brigade, by the Virginia Legislature, in the place of Gen. John Hodges, resigned.

Dreadful Accident.—Mr. Samuel Roberts, of Boston, on entering his apartment, a few days since, found his wife, and the mother of his child, lying on the floor, burned to death. She is supposed to have fallen into the fire in a fit.

Lynchburg, Va. has subscribed one hundred thousand dollars to the stock of the James and Kanawaha improvement, and private individuals of the same place have contributed ten thousand dollars.

The Georgia resolutions—the same that have been submitted to our legislature, by Captain McElvee—have been rejected by the Ohio Legislature, 44 to 26.

Cholera at Malaga.—A letter from Capt. Nicholson, of the U. S. Seventy-Four Delaware, dated Malaga, Nov. 22d says:—"Twenty-two deaths have occured on board from Cholera, but no officers. The disease is decreasing, and no serious cases for the last five days. Ship still in quarantine and officers all well."

MORE REFORM.—A proposition is about to be submitted to the Maine Legislature, to reduce the term of the Judges of that State to four or six years.

Mr. and Miss Cooper are a present at Savannah.

A story equal to the *Dumper of New Jersey* is told of a deaf individual at New London, (N. H.) named Moses Heath, who, whenever he goes to pray, the house in which he lives is seized with a trembling and jarring. Prodigious!

The Duke of Wellington is 66 years of age.

The Boston papers still continue their rapturous display of feelings in reference to the acting of Miss Jarman, who has become a great favorite.

The Planters' Bank at Natchez, Miss., declared a dividend of five per cent for the last six months, on the 24th December.

George Shitz, the collector of Lebanon township, N. Y., has run off, carrying with him 25,000 dollars belonging to the place.

COLD WEATHER.—It is stated that last Sunday week the thermometer on the Green Mountains of Vermont fell to 40° below Zero.

Election at Pittsburgh.—Samuel Pettigrew has been re-elected mayor of this city. The votes were, Pettigrew, (Jackson,) 644—Lowrie, (anti-mason,) 598. Pettigrew's majority 46.

The freight for a bale of cotton, on the South Carolina Rail Road, from Hamburg and Aiken, to Charleston, is fixed at one dollar.

Captain Back mentions, in a letter to Sir John Franklin, that his magnetic needle was so delicately constructed, that *the sun* it affected by "a small faint beam in a clear blue sky."

A petition is now before the legislature of this state asking for an extension of the Pennsylvania canal from Columbia to the Maryland line.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has fixed the 27th of this month for the election of a United States Senator, in place of Mr. Silsbee, whose term of service will expire on the 4th of March, and who declines a re election.

The interments in New York in the year 1834 were nine thousand and eighty-two, being an excess of 3336 over the previous year. There were deaths of consumption 1471; small pox 233; cholera 971.

CANAL TOLLS.—We learn from the Harrisburgh Chronicle, that the tolls received at the State Treasury, from the public improvements, after the 31st of October, the close of the last financial year, amount to $74,825 27. The navigation on the canals was closed by the severe freezing about the 15th of December.

THE YANKEES OUT YANKIED.—The court house at Boston was filled by a number of credulous citizens on Friday, who assembled to hear the trial of two men whom a wag reported had carried off the immense pillar which was brought into the city by sixty yoke of oxen and 120 horses!

The venerable father of James Sheridan Knowles, has just published an English Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary, of the English language, containing 42,662 more words than Walker's.

The Miners' Journal, in speaking of the tract of coal land owned by Mrs. Spohn, says—"The present proprietor paid $16,000 for the property, and expended about $2000 in improvements—making $18,000. He has mined out of the tract about 20,000 tons of coal—sold the property, after all the coal is worked out above the water level, for $10,000—and has been offered $8000 for the coal yet remaining in the tract above the water level, supposed to exceed 20,000 tons."

The committee of the State Legislature, to whom was referred the subject of changing the Constitution intend reporting a bill, to authorise the people to vote for or against a convention at the next general election.

Jno. Kemble, A. M., eldest son of Charles Kemble the Comedian, has been solicited by the University of Cambridge, to give a course of lectures on Saxon literature.

The St. Louis Republican says:—"The steamboat Josephine struck a snag in the Mississippi river, below the Grand Tower, on Sunday last. She was so much damaged as to induce the owners to abandon her, and the engine was taken out. Neither baggage nor lives, were lost. She was bound for Louisville.

Effects of ignited Charcoal.—Four female domestics were discovered at Shepherd's hotel in Broomfield street, Boston, on Friday morning last, nearly dead from suffocation by ignited charcoal in a hand furnace. They remained in a state of great distress during the whole day.

It appears by the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, that the number of persons employed as Custom House Officers, in the United States, is 1226—and that their compensation amounts to $1,066,931.

VERY "SELECT BURGLARY."—Some vagabonds broke a few nights since into the stores of Job Collins and Mr. Van Alen, in Congress street, Troy. Their object was probably to steal money, but they found none. They took a cheese, however, and then took themselves off.

An Old Subscriber.—The Massachusetts Spy says that Deacon Benjamin Goddard, of Shrewsbury, was a subscriber to that paper from its commencement to his death—a period of sixty-five years.

The tow boat relief was actively employed on Saturday in taking vessels up and down the river through the track in the ice. She started in the morning with several vessels ready for sea, and returned with the ship Covington and others, inward bound. At one schooners in tow, principally laden with oysters.

Baltimore American.

The Albany Daily Advertiser says that the Legislature of New York will nominate Van Buren for the Presidency, before its adjournment.

The Legislature of North Carolina has decided, by a vote of 50 to 38, that a free man of colour shall not be permitted to educate his own children, or cause them to be educated.

GREAT FIRE AT NEWARK.—About 12 o'clk. on Tuesday night, a fire broke out in the extensive Carriage factory of J. & H. Carter's in Broad street, in the centre of Newark. This establishment was entirely destroyed, together with a large quantity of stock, and work finished and unfinished.

The house and Cabinet manufactory of Mr. Crane were also entirely destroyed, together with several other buildings. It was 4 o'clock before the fire was got under. The second Presbyterian church was with much effort preserved.

The Mormonites have petitioned the legislature of Missouri, for the passage of an act to restore to them their property, lands, rights, immunities, &

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, 27 Robt. T. Bass, Broker, Merchant and Auctioneer, Depository, Commercial Exchange, 2nd Floor, Dock st.

FRIDAY MORNING, JAN. 23, 1835.

ASHES
Pots, cwt. $4 75 @ 4 80
Pearls, $ cwt.
BEESWAX
BREADSTUFFS
Flour, No. 1
do. No. 2
do. Rye
Meal, Corn
do. Rye
GRAIN
Wheat
Rye
Corn
Oats
Barley
Beans
Clover Seed
Timothy do.
Flax do.
Cotton
Tobacco
Whiskey
Brandy
Gin
Wine, Madeira
do. Lisbon
do. Sherry
do. Port
do. Claret
Champagne
Hock
Teneriffe
Malaga
Sicily
Cognac
Bordeaux
Burgundy
Hollands
Jamaica
Scotch
Irish
Peach
Cherry
Rum, Antigua
do. St. Croix
do. Jamaica
do. Windward Island
do. Country
Molasses
Sugar, Havana
do. Porto Rico
do. New Orleans
do. Muscovado
do. Loaf
do. Lump
Coffee, Rio
do. Laguayra
do. Java
Teas, Hyson
do. Young Hyson
do. Imperial
do. Gunpowder
do. Hyson Skin
do. Souchong
Pepper
Pimento
Cassia
Cloves
Ginger
Nutmegs
Indigo
Madder
Logwood
Fustic
Nicaragua
Camwood
Redwood
Alum
Copperas
Brimstone
Saltpetre
Tallow
Candles, mould
do. dipped
Soap, Castile
do. American
Lead, white
do. red
Shot, assorted
Powder, Rifle
Blasting
Gunpowder
Hemp, Russia
do. American
Flax
Bar Iron, assorted
Nail Rods
Pig Iron, No. 1
do. No. 2
Steel, German
do. blister
do. cast
Nails, cut
Spikes
Navy Bread
Butter
Cheese
Lard
Pork, mess
do. prime
Beef, mess
do. prime
Hams, Pickled
do. Dried
Shoulders
Exchange on London, 60 days
do. Paris
do. Amsterdam
do. Hamburg
Bank Notes, Philadelphia
do. Baltimore
do. Washington
do. Pittsburg
do. Harrisburg
do. Lancaster
do. Chambersburg
do. Gettysburg
do. York
do. Carlisle
do. Reading
do. Lebanon
do. Northumberland
do. Wilkesbarre
do. Easton
do. Bristol
do. Germantown
do. Norristown
do. Chester
do. Delaware
do. New Castle
do. Smyrna
do. Dover
do. Georgetown
do. Easton
do. Centreville
do. Salisbury
do. Snow Hill
do. Princess Anne
do. Somerset
do. Cambridge
do. Hagerstown
do. Frederick
do. Cumberland
do. Wheeling
do. Steubenville
do. Chillicothe
do. Zanesville
do. Cincinnati
do. Lexington
do. Louisville
do. Frankfort
do. Nashville
do. Natchez
do. New Orleans
do. Mobile
do. Augusta
do. Savannah
do. Charleston
do. Columbia
do. Camden
do. Fayetteville
do. Raleigh
do. Petersburg
do. Richmond
do. Norfolk
do. Lynchburg
do. Staunton
do. Fredericksburg
do. Alexandria
do. Portsmouth
do. Boston
do. Providence
do. Hartford
do. New Haven
do. New York
do. Albany
do. Utica
do. Rochester
do. Buffalo
do. Troy
do. Portland
do. Bangor
do. Augusta
do. Burlington
do. Montpelier
do. Windsor
do. Woodstock
do. Middlebury
do. Rutland
do. Concord
do. Exeter
do. Portsmouth
do. Dover
do. Newburyport
do. Salem
do. Nantucket
do. New Bedford
do. Taunton
do. Providence
do. Newport
do. Hartford
do. New Haven
do. Middletown
do. Norwich
do. Stonington
do. Portland
do. Bangor
do. Augusta
do. Burlington
do. Montpelier
do. Windsor
do. Woodstock
do. Middlebury
do. Rutland
do. Concord
do. Exeter
do. Portsmouth
do. Dover
do. Newburyport
do. Salem
do. Nantucket
do. New Bedford
do. Taunton
do. Providence
do. Newport
do. Hartford
do. New Haven
do. Middletown
do. Norwich
do. Stonington

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, Jan. 24, 1835.

Mr. J. C. Varney, has been appointed Collector for the Southern District, and will present the bills at the Saturday Evening Post Office.

The subscribers at Steady Spring, Md. will please pay their subscriptions to Edward Mather, P. M. our duly authorized agent.

We have the pleasure of presenting our readers this week, with an excellent original tale, from the pen of Miss Leslie, of this city. It will be found on our first page. The story bears all the distinguishing marks of Miss Leslie's genius, and will, we feel assured be read with a treat. It is certainly one of the most piquant and entertaining tales that we have ever perused.

We give our readers this week, in a supplemental form, the most used longest articles in the January number of the Casket, a literary periodical, issued monthly from this office. The article was prepared in illustration of a handsome map of Pennsylvania which is furnished to the Casket, engraved, at considerable expense, expressly for that work. It furnishes a condensed history of the state, and a notice of our public improvements, mineral resources, coal fields, roads, rivers, bridges, &c., which cannot fail to afford gratification to the reader. The supplement should be preserved for reference, as the description has been prepared with care, and its correctness may be relied on.

The Philadelphia Sacred Music Society, will give their Second Concert of the season, on Thursday evening next, at the Musical Fund Hall. They will perform the second part of Haydn's Oratorio of the Seasons, comprising Autumn and Winter. Part first was performed during the last season. This composition, generally regarded as Haydn's most brilliant effort, is an Oratorio of singular and decided merit, and a correspondence cannot fail to be a rich intellectual gratification to all admirers of music. It has never been performed in the city, and perhaps not more than once in the country, and it will therefore have the merit of originality to all who are present on Thursday next. The performing members of the Society are experienced musicians, capable of doing full justice to the merits of the piece.

THE CASKET.

The January number of this work, delayed beyond the usual time on account of arrangements connected with its embellishments, was published in the early part of the week. It appears in an enlarged and improved form, having twelve additional pages of reading matter, and comprising many conspicuous improvements, both in its contents and typographical appearance. The first and principal embellishment is a *map of Pennsylvania*, handsomely coloured, and embracing all the roads and canals, rail-ways, coal-beds, public improvements, &c. with tables of distances, and the population of the several counties. There are also views of Cambridge Terrace and the Colosseum, London—Jerusalem from the Latin Convent—Falls of Clyde, Scotland—portrait of Sir Isaac Newton—January, in illustration of Spenser's seasons, and a humorous sketch, from Miss Sheridan's Comic Offering. The music of the present number is the "Soldier's Tear," so sung by Miss Watson, arranged for the pianoforte.

The reading contents, which are chiefly original, embrace a variety of excellent and well written articles. The chapter on Pennsylvania is an important document, and will be read with interest, as will also the sketch of Algernon Sidney, by J. H. S. and Sellwood, by Mark Bancroft. The poetry is unusually attractive, and the miscellaneous selections, biographical notices, &c. cannot fail to give satisfaction. The Literary Port-Folio contains reviews of a number of recent publications, with copious extracts.

The present number is the first of a new volume, which promises to prove much more valuable than either of its predecessors. The publication is undoubtedly one of the cheapest of the kind in the United States, the numbers in one year, containing about 700 closely printed large octave pages, and embellished with numerous handsome engravings, for the sum of $3,50

Dickinson College.—From a catalogue of the students of Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pa. it appears that the number now in the institution is as follows:—

Law Students,	4
Undergraduates—Sophomores,	5
Freshmen,	13
Pupils in the Grammar School,	70
Total	91

The faculty consists of the following gentlemen:

Rev. John F. Durbin, A. M. President, and Professor of Moral Science.

Mesrrs. Caldwell, A. M. Professor of the Exact Sciences.

Robert Ewing, A. M. Professor of Ancient Languages.

Hon. John Reed, Professor of Law.

Alexander F. Dobb, Esq. Principal of the Grammar School.

THEATRICAL.

Chestnut Street Theatre.—Sheridan Knowles' play of the Beggar of Bethnal Green, has been performed twice during the week, with great applause. Mr. Murdoch's benefit on Wednesday evening, attracted a full house. He appeared in the part of Honor, in Wild Oats, and sustained it with admirable skill and effect. At the close of the play, in answer to a general call, he appeared and returned thanks. The onward course of this deserving actor, is a source of gratification to all admirers of native talent.

The performances this evening are for the benefit of the three Young Diavolos, whose surrounding team, during their present engagement, have elicited general admiration.

Walnut Street Theatre.—Mr. A. Adams took a benefit on Monday evening, and appeared in the part of Othello. The house was crowded in every part, and the bard once more gained fresh laurels by his unrivalled performance of the jealous Moor. His reception was loudly called for at the end of the play, with Mr. Wemyss came forward and announced a compliance with the wishes of the audience.

Mr. Wemyss, the lessee, will take a benefit this evening. He presents a strong bill of attractions, and will unquestionably be gratified with a bumper. His industry and liberality as a manager entitle him to the warm support of the play-going public.

On Tuesday next, the rooms of the House will be appropriated in aid of the funds of the "Association for the Relief of Disabled Firemen," an institution which has a strong claims upon the liberality of our citizens. Miss Riddle, Mr. Addams and Mr. Oxley, have volunteered their services, and will appear in the play of Damon and Pythias. We anticipate an overflowing house.

The new piece of "Zembe, or the Fatal Oath," with all its gorgeous scenery, dresses, processions, &c. &c. will be produced at the Walnut street Theatre, early in the ensuing week. No expense or labor has been spared to render this beautiful drama as effective as possible. The Carnival—Masquerade and the Coronation of Carlos, are strikingly portrayed. The pencil of young Smith, whose good taste gave such general satisfaction in the decoration of the interior of the theatre, has been steadily employed for the last five weeks. Every scene is new—together with all the dresses—the whole being under the direction of Mr. Barrymore, who has avowed his determination to surpass either Napoleon or Mazeppa.

Returned Emigrants.—A curious scene was witnessed at Tattersall Bridge not long since. Three men who had left that neighborhood the year before for America, had come up by the steam packet from Boston, where they had landed after returning in disgust from their fancied world of rose-shine. They had nearly spent their last farthing on entering the public house at the bridge, and on the landlady demanding pay for their refreshment, one of them had nothing wherewith to satisfy his creditor. The landlady, taking him for an impostor, declared he should not quit her's one inch without payment, upon which the returned emigrant swore, saying he had suffered enough the last year, and more he was sure but a few miles from his home, if he might be permitted to see his wife again he would drown himself. The man actually rushed out, and jumping into a boat, was about to throw himself into the Witham; he was torn by bold down by two men who were in the boat, while some gentlemen who were in the house and witnessed his wretched look, came and assured him that they had paid his debt. The distracted man then consented to live! These families were at Boston preparing for America, and hearing the account given by the three miserable individuals alluded to, determined to wait awhile, and turn over the matter of their emigration again ere they took their departure.—*Lincoln Mercury.*

We frequently notice articles of the above character in the English Journals. The object undoubtedly is to create a distrust of the advantages of emigration, in the minds of the lower classes of society in Great Britain and Ireland, who are inclined to seek their fortunes in the new world. For years past it has been the policy of the English Government to discourage the emigration of wealthy farmers and industrious mechanics, while at the same time they have absolutely flooded us with their paupers.

The United States of America, to the sober and industrious agriculturist or workman, holds out inducements for the emigrant of a very attractive character. Labour, particularly in the west, will command, at all times, fair prices. Provision is cheap, the necessaries of life are cheap, and excellent land can be obtained on reasonable terms. The English nobility are well assured of these facts, and they know that if they were equally familiar to the great mass of their people, they would emigrate by hundreds and thousands. Hence, they make use of every means to hide the truth, and propagate idle stories of suffering, distress and poverty, in America, to deter emigration. This course of proceeding, however, is less a source of complaint, than is their pertinacity in annually sending over whole ship loads of their refuse population, absolute paupers, without either money, industry, or other habits. It can be substantiated that, in some instances, the Government has emptied their poor-houses of their inmates, placed them on board vessels coming to America, and paid their passage money. These paupers were a burthen to England, and they were shipped for no other purpose than to rid the Government of that burthen, and place it upon America. Our alms-houses are filled with foreign paupers, and our citizens are taxed to support them.

This subject is one of vast importance, deserving in our view, the especial attention of Congress. Laws should be passed interdicting the landing of paupers who come over in that capacity. We are not opposed to the emigration of respectable and industrious foreigners, but we are glad to welcome all to our shores who come with the intention of earning their living by the sweat of the brow. Those, who come not to work—not to contribute their portion of labour to society—but to enjoy in idleness the hard earnings of our industrious mechanics, and to rob our own poor of the charities of the benevolent, are not welcome, and never will be until they change their habits. Americans are a working people, who cannot and will not tolerate idleness and sloth.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE.

Col. Sisson has opened his new establishment in Sixth street, and seems bent on a scale of elegance, and in the most desirable convenience. It is now two a visit. We understand the Col. intends shortly to give a large dinner party on the occasion of opening the house.

Rare Curiosity.—Mr. McMakin, of the Northern Liberties News Rooms, has now in his establishment a stuffed fish, which appears to belong to the Porcupine family, as it is completely covered with strong and very sharp points. It is a new specimen of ichthyology, of a very singular genus.

Mr. Elliot, of Baltimore,—one of the numerous aeronauts which that city has sent forth within the last twelve months,—met with a very serious accident at New Orleans, in attempting a second balloon ascension from that city on Sunday, the 28th ult. The Bulletin of the 29th furnishes the following particulars:

"The Ascension.—The day was beautiful for the ascension, a large company had assembled in the enclosure, soldiers and ladies were commingled among the groups—the fearless aeronaut went up—but melancholy accidents brought his career to a brief close. The wind was too high for a safe ascension—it came in strong puffs, and his balloon and himself were wrecked. Badly injured at the moment of a violent flaw, The car was swept along almost horizontally at first, striking the benches filled with spectators, and throwing down and injuring several persons, and then was carried up and dashed against the chimney of the arsenal, standing in the enclosure, which was instantly struck down, and against which Mr. Elliott fractured his thigh bone. Several bricks of the chimney were thrown into the car, preventing its further elevation, and the aeronaut was driven about among the tops of the houses, and forced through the upper window of one, breaking himself severely again, and cutting his face and head with the broken glass,—and was then seized out, with several of the cords attaching the car to the balloon cut, and the car turned nearly bottom upwards. In the midst of all the peril he displayed wonderful courage and presence of mind, and indeed to these qualities he owes the preservation of his life. No one less nitrved and self-possessed could have escaped through the difficulties and dangers encountered by him. After clearing himself from the bindings of the city, he was swept towards the river, and notwithstanding his bruises, wounds, and fractured limbs, he seems he would have continued upon his fearful journey had he not have been interrupted by the rigging of the shipping at the levee. He was bleeded by the blood from the wounds over his eyes, or, he thinks, he could have guarded himself better against the accidents, and would have been able to throw out ballast enough to clear him of the wreck. His balloon caught at the mast heads of two ships, to the rigging of which he clung until rescued from his danger by the generous exertions of a friend and the sailors on board. The broken thigh bone was forced through his drawers and pantaloons. He was taken to his lodgings, and placed under the care of Dr. Lusenburg and Dr. King. He is in good hands, was comfortable last evening at 9 o'clock, surrounded by friends, and doing well."

We perceive by papers of a subsequent date, that subscriptions for the benefit of Mr. E. had been taken up.

Banks.—We are indebted to the politeness of Dr. George Smith of the Senate, and Mr. H. Buehler, for copies of the Auditor General's report in relation to the Banks of the state. According to this report, the Banking capital in the city and county of Philadelphia, (exclusive of the U. S. Bank) amounts to $12,812,875; the bank notes in circulation amounts to $1,053,317; and the specie on hand is $1,334,961. The Country Banks of Pennsylvania have an aggregate capital of $4,450,649; their notes in circulation are $332,049; and their specie on hand is $1,089,640. The total banking capital in the State is $17,779,568, and the amount of notes discounted is $5,749,619.

Mail Robbery.—We learn from the Bedford (Pa.) Inquirer, that through the exertions of Mr. Geo. Platt, an agent of the Post Office Department, two persons have been arrested and imprisoned on suspicion of robbing the mail between Bedford and Chambersburg. The Inquirer says:—"We have been informed that a letter was also into the mail bag on its way from this place to Chambersburg, directed to Mr. Findlay, P. M. at the latter place, enclosing a considerable sum of money collected from the mails, and requesting him to distribute it among the persons entitled to receive it.

It is stated that a greater proportion of the purloined money has been recovered, and will eventually be restored to the proper owners.

An accident happened on Monday last, which, while it distressed those which annually occur from the same cause, should serve as a warning to check an, especially those who venture upon the ice. A fine, promising boy, 12 or 13 years old, son of Mr. Francis Barry, near the Navy Yard, was drowned, while attempting, with two other boys, to proceed to Alexandria on the ice; and, from all that can be learned, fell a victim to his exertions to rescue his companions, who were first precipitated into the water.

Through the active and unwearied exertions of numerous bystanders, whom the family owe many thanks—the body was found next day, nearly opposite Alexandria.—*Globe.*

Correspondence of the Saturday Evening Post.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 19th, 1835.

Dear Sir:—The House of Representatives has been occupied during the past week, with protracted discussions on various subjects, without getting much ahead with the regular business of the session, unless indeed such discussions constitute a part of that business, a matter which I will not, until I have some further experience, undertake to decide.

A very animated debate took place on a resolution offered by Mr. Lawrence, calling on the Treasurer for the amount of the state debt—the amount held by foreigners, and when the several loans would be redeemable. Mr. Miller (Fayette) moved an amendment which required the names of the stockholders to be given. Mr. Harris moved to amend the amendment so as to except the names of foreign stockholders, which, however, after some time he withdrew, and allowed the question to be taken on Mr. Miller's amendment, which was negatived by a large majority. An amendment was then offered by Mr. Hallet, which made the call on the Auditor General instead of the Treasurer, which was adopted.

Mr. Walker offered a resolution calling on the canal commissioners for more particular information in relation to the number and pay of the agents employed on the public works than was given in their report of the 5th inst. Mr. Reed (County) attempted to turn the resolution into ridicule, by offering an amendment which required the *number, age and sex*, of all who have travelled on the public works, which at the suggestion of Mr. Harrington he *very prudently withdrew*.

Petitions have been presented on a variety of subjects—for a repeal of the school law—for a convention to alter the constitution—for an investigation of free masonry—for and against the re-charter of the Germantown bank—for the incorporation of the Delaware River Bank—for the incorporation of the *Philadelphia* Ice Company.

Several private and local bills have passed the Senate. To-day the civil code bill relative to injunctions, was under consideration in committee of the whole. An amendment was introduced which will have the effect of making the deputy flour inspectors responsible for their acts, by making it the duty of each deputy to brand his name on every cask inspected by him. The bill is very long, and when about half through, the committee rose and had leave to sit again to-morrow.

The bill appropriating $15,000 for keeping up the narrow gauge on the rail-road, has not yet passed the House. It has been opposed mainly on the ground that it was intended to commit the house in favour of the state becoming the common carrier. To day Mr. Pennypacker's resolution instructing the judiciary committee to bring in a bill directing the Canal Commissioners to sell or rent the Locomotives belonging to the State to companies or individuals, &c., came up in order, and was discussed at some length, but the House adjourned before the question was taken.

There was a meeting held this evening at the Court House of the friends of Gen. Harrison for the presidency. It was very numerously attended. The prospects of the hero of the Thames appear to brighten.

Yours, &c.

Correspondence of the Saturday Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21, 1835.

Dear Sir:—On Thursday of last week, the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States, relating to the election of President and Vice-President, came up before the Senate in order. Mr. Benton in the course of some remarks, said that the object was to change the elections of President and Vice-President, to give the people a direct vote in their elections, so that it should not come at all before the House of Representatives. This change, he observed, had been unanimously recommended by a committee of nine, it had also been recommended by a subsequent committee of five, and finally came before the Senate in the same solemn and imposing manner.

After some further explanations of the nature and principles of the amendment proposed to the Constitution, Mr. Benton said, that though the bill had come upon them suddenly, yet he now hoped that after two years consideration of the subject, a vote would be taken upon it. Mr. Buchanan observed, that being a new member, he stood in a posture different from that of other members. He would like time to consider the subject, and in a day or two, would be better prepared to vote upon it. Mr. Benton assented, and the bill was laid upon the table.

On the same day, a resolution authorizing the President to send the Lion presented him by the Emperor of Morocco, came up for consideration and elicited a very amusing debate. Mr. Frelinghuysen proposed that the Lion should be given to the museum of New York, Judge Porter objected, and Gov. Moore said he was opposed either to *sending to*, or *taking a Lion from* New York. Gov. Poindexter wished that the beast might be sent to France, but Mr. Buchanan thought that that course would be considered equivalent to a declaration of war. The resolution finally passed as it was reported.

In the House of Representatives, on Friday, Mr. Chudwelling reported a bill to prevent evasions of the Revenue Laws, and for other purposes—it was read a first and second time, and the further consideration of it postponed till Monday. Mr. Sutherland, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill making appropriations for building light houses, beacons, and making surveys for 1835—also a bill making appropriations for the improvement of certain harbours for 1835. Mr. Polk urged the consideration of the Appropriation Bills, and stated that the contingent fund the two houses, was expended. The motion to consider the rule was rejected.—Messrs. Whittlesey and Lane arguing that the members could wait for their money as well as the claimants. A number of private bills were then *adopted*, among them a bill for the relief of Richard W. Meade, but before the question was taken, the House adjourned.

On Saturday the Senate was not in session, and no business of importance was brought up in the House. On Monday Mr. Grundy, from the committee on the Post-Office, reported a bill reducing the postage on periodical pamphlets so as to make publications of that character more on an equality with newspapers. This is an important bill, and I trust it will be passed without delay. The present postage on pamphlet periodicals is exorbitantly high, operating greatly to the disadvantage of both publisher and subscriber. In the House of Representatives Mr. Everett presented a memorial from John Ridge, and fifty other chiefs of the Cherokee nation, representing their determination to emigrate to the country west of the Mississippi, and praying the aid of Congress in effecting their removal—an for the sacrifices attending the same, Mr. E. stated the contents of the memorial and made some remarks on the subject at length; the memorial was referred to the Committee on Indian affairs and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Wirt, by consent, submitted the following joint resolution; which was read and ordered to a second reading:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives, That the President of the United States be authorized to employ Hiram Power, of Ohio, to execute in Italy, the busts of the several Presidents of the United States, to be placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol, as well as a relative value to the busts heretofore paid and contracted to be paid to other artists, for works of a similar character, and to make, from time to time, such advances as may be necessary, in his judgment, for the progress and completion of the work.

On motion of Mr. Burgess,

Resolved, That the Committee on the judiciary be directed to inquire into the expediency and necessity of so altering and amending the laws of the United States, that hereafter all printing whatsoever, required to be done for the United States, in any part of the public service, shall be done and performed within the District of Columbia, that no such printing shall be done, by any person or persons who may be concerned in any way of emolument with a public journal or newspaper.

Mr. Jarvis from the Committee on Public Buildings reported a joint resolution for placing the statues of Peace and War, executed by Mr. Persico, in the niches under the Eastern Portico as originally intended; the resolution was passed and sent to the Senate for concurrence.

The Senate, on Tuesday, were occupied exclusively in the consideration of Executive business. The nomination of H. D. Gilpin, of your city, as Governor of Michigan, was rejected. The House resolved itself into a committee of the whole, and spent the whole sitting in the consideration of the general appropriation bill, which was finally reported.

Breach of Promise.—A novel case was tried the last term at Worcester, before the Court of Common Pleas. It was an action for a breach of marriage promise brought by a gentleman against a lady. The parties reside in Athol, and the facts in the case are briefly these. The "Ladie Fair," by the name of Morton, was engaged to be married to a young gentleman by the name of Smith; but by some process or other, an intimacy in the mean time commenced, and was carried on between Miss Fanny and the plaintiff, whose name is Peckham, and which eventually ripened into an engagement of marriage. But "the course of true love never did run smooth." The flames of her affections that she should adhere to "her first love" which finally prevailed; and Lynde Smith and Fanny Morton were in due form pronounced husband and wife. Whereupon Lewis Peckham, when he found himself the victim of unrequited love, instead of betaking himself to "the chrystal cup, and drinking intoxicating draughts," or yielding himself the victim of a green and yellow melancholy, came up to the temple of justice with a suit to recover his lost affections, or their equivalent in money. He urged that as the defendant has *possessed himself of the personnel* charms of the fair one, the Coan like Solomon of old, ought to make a divise between them, and give him possession of her *real* charms, which it seems consisted in acres of rich pasture and arable fields. The case was ably argued on both sides, and the Jury "sat up together" till the witching hour of midnight without being able to divide the delicate question whether Fanny had or had not played the coquette. So the prayer of Lewis for Justice was unsuccessful—he must press his suit again.—*Boston Traveller.*

Singular and most important Invention.—Mr. Parker, of Syracuse, in New York, has discovered a composition which will harden like stone, and yet may be worked in a soft state as easily as mortar! Exposure to the weather causes it to petrify and become actual stone, requiring a heavy blow with a hammer to break it. Mr. P. has recently completed a section of canal as a specimen of that intended to bring water near New York from the Croton River. It may be cast in moulds in the form of pillars, fire places, vestibules, &c., and is not dearer than brick. Its value is calculable for buildings, cisterns, &c., situated in damp places. It is undoubtedly one of the most important inventions of the day. The American Institute have awarded Mr. Parker a gold medal.—*The Trojan.*

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Jan. 16.—Received from		*Received from*	
J. A. Berkely,	$5 00	J. Brownett, Esq.	1 50
J. T. McCausland, nett	2 50	John Purdue, Esq.	2 00
John A. Hall,	5 00	S. Thorne, Esq.	5 00
David Adams,	5 00	T. Tomlinson, Esq.	2 00
E. Fairlough, nett	3 75	P. Robinson, jr. Esq.	5 00
Gilman Harris,	5 00	M. D. Conklin, Esq.	5 00
Capt. Fra. Lee,	5 00	D. G. Wurth, Esq.	5 00
Henry McGowan,	10 00	J. Stow, Esq.	2 00
N. H. Knapp,	10 00	S. Hurlbert, Esq.	7 00
Arthur M. Eastman,	2 00	Nathan Jones.	2 00
John Sommer, Esq.	2 00	H. W. Jackson.	2 00
David Martin, Esq.	5 00	A. McKellar, Esq.	10 00
R. McClure, Esq.	10 18	L. F. Potter, Esq.	2 50
H. Rudisill, Esq.	1 00	John Barner, Esq.	2 00
M. M. Norton, Esq.	3 00	E. Alexander, Esq.	5 00
M. M. Norton, Esq.	10 50	J. Widenium, Esq.	2 00
Guy H. Bell, Esq.	5 00	N. March & Co. per W. & S.	4 70
G. King, Esq. N. Y.	5 00	*Jan. 20.*	
Daniel Smith, Esq.	5 00	Joseph C. Bassett,	2 00
Clark Hall, Esq.	2 00	W. B. Dix,	5 00
G. King, Esq. Cr.	2 00	Joseph D. Allen,	2 00
A. C. Moore, Esq.	2 00	S. G. Lusk,	2 00
David Brooks, Esq.	2 00	W. W. Wiley,	2 00
Cyrt Keeler, Esq.	2 50	A. W. Kendrick,	2 00
Isad C. Day, Esq.	2 00	D. B. Herrington, Esq.	1 00
Henry Bullard, Esq.	7 00	W. E. Wecklife, Esq.	5 00
W. H. Rector, Esq.	5 00	W. S. Lippincott, Esq.	2 00
Joel Churchill, Esq.	2 00	C. Chamberlain, Esq.	2 00
Jan. 17.		*Jan. 21.*	
E. Cornell,	28 00	H. Parham, nett	4 81
Wm. Kellogg,	11 00	W. W. Billing,	14 30
J. F. Gould, nett	1 50	C. Perrine, nett	1 75
J. B. Sandford,	5 00	N. S. Jarvis, nett	4 50
S. Le Compte, Esq.	10 00	W. A. Mears,	2 00
C. Hawley, Esq.	5 00	R. McClure, Esq.	2 00
P. Keller, Esq.	2 00	I. W. Candler, Esq.	6 00
Jan. 19.		J. Knisman, Esq.	2 00
Wm. Porter,	20 00	*Jan. 22.*	
R. H. Burton, nett	4 50	F. J. Huntington,	8 80
W. H. Baskerville nett	4 75	Jason Burr,	5 00
Geo. W. Anderson,	5 00	John Purvance,	2 00
Oliver Hall,	2 00	James Torbert nett,	4 50
A. E. Simpson,	2 00	Charles Pratt,	2 00
T. C. Denham,	5 00	H. P. Egle,	3 00
R. D. Harris,	7 00	J. S. Simmons,	5 00
Philip B. Keeler,	12 00	E. Clark,	5 00
L. N. Bergheon,	10 00	Robert Love,	1 00
J. W. Watson,	2 00	J. L. Wolcott, Esq.	2 00
G. J. Fischer,	5 00	A. Bispham, Esq.	5 00
R. H. Martin	10 00	J. Field, Esq.	4 00
Elisha Fagg,	3 00	J. M. Hadden, Esq.	2 00
Robt. L. Fulton,	5 00	M. Nalle, Esq.	5 00
P. D Auchey, Esq.	2 00	C. J. Bonnet, Esq.	23 00
John Malin, Esq.	2 00	J. Christy, Esq.	4 00
John Hufe, Esq.	5 00	D. Bulkeley, Esq.	2 00
G. L. Stewart, Esq.	5 00	J. Dewit, Esq.	1 00
Rd. Matah, Esq.	2 00		

COMMUNICATION.

Philadelphia, Dec. 23, 1834.

Dear Sir:—Being on the eve of my departure for the Southward, time will only permit me to observe, that having gone through a course of Book-keeping on your system, which I accomplished in one day and a half, satisfactorily, and which I do not hesitate to pronounce my conviction of its superiority over many that I have seen; and also your informed me closings, I conceive to be plain and concise. These few hasty observations I make to you, that any one you may think proper to make of them, may be done, and with my best wishes for your success in having your system meet with the general approbation of the mercantile community.

I remain, sir, very respectfully, yours,

To Mr. R. Megonigal. C. D. YOUNG.

A CARD.

The subscriber, during a long residence in Europe, (part of which time was spent in Paris) in School of Music and the first Conservatory of Paris, having had ample opportunities of making himself familiar with the practice of Chemistry and Mineralogy, as applied to the Arts, including Metallurgy, the Art of Mining, &c., and observing the valuable results that he will undertake the analysis of Ore, and other operations connected with the above branches, for which he hereby tenders his professional services.

N. B.—Communications, post paid, will receive prompt attention. THOMAS G. CLEMSON.

Refer also to Professor of Theoretical and Practical Chemistry, &c. in Paris.

Corner of 9th and Filbert streets Philada. jan 17—6t*

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER,

Kept at the Northern Liberties' Free Admission News Rooms, Third street, below Callowhill.

JANUARY.	A. M.	A. M.	M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
	7	9	12	3	6	10	12	
Friday, - - 16—	36	40	42	40	36½	34	34	
Saturday, - - 17—	31	25½	44	37	34	32	30	
Sunday, - - 18—	29	31	38½	35	31	27	26	
Monday, - - 19—	24	27	35	35	33	32	30	
Tuesday, - - 20—	31	33	34½	32	30	31	30	
Wednesday, 21—	32	30	34½	35	42	40	37	
Thursday, - - 22—	36	38	39	42	39	35	31	

A. M'MAKIN, Proprietor.

Philadelphia Medical Society.

At a meeting of the Society, held on the 19th inst. for the election of officers for the ensuing year, the following gentlemen were duly elected:

President—Philip S. Physick.

Vice Presidents—Samuel Jackson, Joseph Parrish.

Treasurer—Henry Hunt.

Corresponding Secretaries—H. H. Cones, William Ashmead.

Senior Recording Secretary—George Fox.

Curators—Reynell Coates, Thos. Stewardson, Wm. Pennock, Isaac Parrish, W. W. Gerhard.

Eastern Penitentiary.—The committee appointed to investigate the alleged abuses in the management of the Eastern Penitentiary have, after a laborious session of six weeks, adjourned to Harrisburgh. The Sentinel informs us that "sixty-five witnesses were examined, and their depositions reduced to writing: several of them occupied nearly two days."

The committee were attended by Henry M. Phillips, Esq. of this city as Secretary, by George M. Dallas, Esq. Attorney General, for the commonwealth, and by Henry J. Williams, W. M. Meredith, E. B. Ingraham, and Thomas Bradford, jr. Attorneys for Respondent.

The following persons were elected Officers of the Chamber of Commerce of Philadelphia, at their annual meeting of the 20th January.

President—Robert Ralston.

Vice Presidents—T. P. Cope and Lewis Clapier.

Treasurer—Robert Smith.

Secretary—John Vaughan.

An Avalanche.—A mammoth sled was lately built on a high hill in Binghampton, Broome Co. N. Y. and loaded with about fifty cords of wood for the purpose of sliding it down, and thus calling gravitation to aid in the business of sledding wood. A crowd of persons had assembled to witness the descent. It was supposed that the load would stop in the hollow at the foot of the hill. The monstrous car was launched, and down it rushed like a thunder-bolt. It swept across the hollow, to the road where the spectators had stationed themselves, the crowd rushed aside in terror, but while the others hastily escaped, two little boys fell under its dreadful force and one of them was killed. The other, although severely injured, is likely to recover.

Accidents.—An Irish boy, aged 9 years, named Michael Mangin, was killed at Lowell, on Monday evening, about sunset, in the planing machine, of Goodhues & Brooks. It was purely accidental. The boy had been in the frequent habit of entering the building for the purpose of getting chips and shavings. The other boys were in the room at the time, on the same errand. Michael was in a hurry to fill his basket, and crept under the machine for that purpose. It is supposed that after stooping to pick the chips, he inadvertently raised his head, and brought it in contact with the whirling machines. It was just the work of a second—for the top of his head was taken off close above his eyes. He breathed but an instant.

WEST CHESTER, Jan. 20.

Counterfeiters taken.—We learn that two links came to our quiet town, one day last week, and located at the Star tavern, in whose possession there was discovered a large lot of paper purporting to be on the "*Farmers' Bank of Philadelphia*"—(there is no such bank in existence); the Farmers' Bank of Lancaster, &c. After examination, the rogues were committed to prison.

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

For the third week of December.

The bonnet a la Catalane is an elegant and becoming coiffure, after the fashion of the middle ages. The cap itself composed of blonde, with bandeaux of blonde, and trimmed with Bengal roses.

Another very fashionable evening head-dress is the classic Grecque. It is surmounted by a plume of feathers, and is fixed to the brim by mancinis of ribbon.

Among the most admired evening dresses which have recently appeared are the following:—

1. A robe of very pale blue satin, of the tint called clair de lune, with a very broad trimmiede of rich silk braiding of the same colour. The skirt of this dress, which is open in front, is confined by a ribbon placed en zig zag. The opening is very narrow at the waist, and widens towards the feet to show the under robe or petticoat, which is of black satin, embroidered with pink silk. Head-dress, a toque of white tulle gauze, ornamented with fine pearls.

2. A robe of pink satin, figured with white. It is open in front, and fastened back on each side by bows of figured ribbon. The under jupe of white satin, embroidered in pink flowers, and trimmed with three flounces of cut satin ribbon. A blonde scarf, Headdress, a small hat, of black velvet, trimmed with pink feathers.

3. Dress of oriental blue satin, sprigged with bouquets of gold. A tucker of blonde, of an excessively rich pattern. Head-dress a bird-of-paradise plume.

4. A robe of rich green velvet, with corsage a l'antique. The waist confined by a silver cord and tassels. Sleeves with double robots, trimmed with silver cords and tassels. Cap of blonde, with bunches of small roses descending on each side of the face.

5. Ball dress of white crape, trimmed in 1 out by a very full ruche commencing at the waist and descending in a shelling direction on either side of the jupe as far as the knees, whence it is carried round the back part of the dress. White roses are fastened on the ruche at equal distances. The corsage trimmed with a corresponding ruche round the back and over the shoulders. It is brought to a point in front of the waist. Head-dress, wreath of white roses.

Weavers take Notice.

WANTED, a few experienced Female Gauze Weavers, to whom liberal and constant employment will be given, if qualified, on application at the Factory, No. 445 Market street, between 13th and 14th streets.—Persons in Lawrence street. JOHN M'CALL & Co.

jan 24—3t*

Philad. Sacred Music Society.

SECOND

MRS. HOOD'S REPLY

To Mr. Hood's Lamentation—"I'm not a single man."

I will not fret, though you regret
You made me yourselur life;
But yet I find that all the beaux
Remember I'm a wife.
Your winks and wiles, and wreathed smiles,
From them hath set me free;
But your winks, alas, good Mr. Hood,
Have tardy head-winked me.

You've changed my name, but I'm the same
In face and disposition;
But as the *altar*, to my cost,
I *altered* my condition.
To catch my eye, beaux once would fly
Where'er they know it shone,
To watch its *beams*—but now it seems
A beam is in their own.

I at the parlor window sit
To catch them unawares,
But they won't even *stare* at one
Who is not above *stairs*.
My lovers trembled when they sung,
Or "Love that weeps and wakes;"
Their *tremors* all have ceased; and I
Now find them no *great shakes*.

My veteran beau, old Mr. Stubbs,
Though bald in rhyme, would caper
Both curls and wit o'er night for me
Committed were to paper.
My reign is o'er, and him no more
Do wige or rhymes employ;
He's now abandoned the *old scratch*,
And looks like the *Old Boy*.

With billet doux of every hue,
By seals with quaint expressions,
Beaux strove both on the wax and me
At once to make *impressions*.
But their epistles come no more
The tale of love to tell,
The letters now I know are joined
For another *wife-belle*.

Bouquets once came the ardent flame
Of lovers to disclose,
And many a tender line was sent
All *underneath the rose*.
But verse enclosed in roses now
Appear not, though I ask it;
And all the *tender lines* I get
Come in the butcher's basket.

The fate of both of us is hard,
Which hardest none can tell;
I can no longer *tie a beau*,
You cannot *ring a belle*.
But still I do not like to hear
Forever from your lip,
That from the hour you *got a rib*,
You've always had *the hip*.

You can't imagine, Mr. Hood,
That when the knot was tied,
Your heart was licensed, like the mail,
To carry six inside.
Nor wonder yet the fair forget
The claims you bring to view;
The reason's plain—they cannot see
A likely head in you.

To me, your dame, you are the same,
Your wit and humor's free,
For I've no fear, you'll ever prove,
A false Hood unto me.
And since you taught me how to pun,
And took the marriage vow,
I say, though I was *singly blest*,
I'm *doubly happy now*.

A robust countryman meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall being asked the cause, he replied —"It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

A countryman, reading a newspaper in Randolph, Tennessee, was asked why he did not subscribe for it, as it was a good paper. "Why, yes," replied the countryman, "I like it, it's right fine, but I thinks its a leetle too costive."

The following advertisement is from a leading London Journal:

"Wanted immediately a healthy young woman of all work where another is kept.

A French gentleman courting a young lady some months, at last the mother asked him, whether by thus continuing his courtship to her daughter, he meant to marry her or otherwise. To tell you the truth, madam, replied he, it is her otherwise.

DANCING.—A young man, who had attended more to the cultivation of his heels than of his mind, flatter ed himself that he could better his condition by shaking his feet, rather than an empty skull, issued the following proposals:

Dan Sling Skull, mies ster lightfoot proposes toe o pen a dansing scull in witch that bellegrunt hart will bee sort in the new west tash on. Lad dies and gentle men hoo may see fight to parron eyes him in his under take in will plea to sin there names to this ear paper. Note a Beam a. Skull toe bee o pin as son as twen tea sumers do sin.

A nobleman being asked by Queen Mary, who had long promised him a consideration for his services, what wind blew him to court? answered, "two; the first was my desire that I might see your majesty." "I thank you for your compliment," returned the Queen: "pray what was the other?" "Why, that your majesty might see me!"

Whenever Garrick wished to insure a secrecy, he always solemnly pronounced, "Swear!—will you swear? will you take your oath?" "Yes, sir," says the actor. On that reply he immediately went to his book-case, took out a volume of Shakspeare, and presented it to the performer, who kissed it with the utmost solemnity; that ceremony over, the mighty secret was imparted and trusted to his honour.

THE RICH MAN AND THE BEGGAR.—A rich man was passing along the road in a splendid coach, when a cur sallied out, snarling and barking, and trying to stop his horses by getting before them. A beggar was sitting by the road side gnawing a bone, and apparently half famished, while his clothes were falling from him in rags. The cur, seeing him thus employed, ran towards him, and fawned at his feet.

"You should teach your dog better manners," said the rich man.

"He is not mine," said the other.

"Why then does he bark at me and fawn on you?"

"*Dont you see I've got a bone to throw away?*" replied the beggar.—*Paulding.*

PHRENOLOGICAL.—Tom Hood, in his new novel of Tylney Hall, says that Phrenologists have never satisfactorily accounted for the fact, that when a man is puzzled; *he scratches his head.*

The explanation is very simple upon phrenological principles,—"When a man is puzzled,' he is in intense thought, and his brain is in an unusual state of activity consequently an unusually large quantity of blood is sent to the head, which produces an uncommon feeling, in some instances, of fullness, in others, of irritation on the surface. In the former case, the forehead is generally grasped and pressed by the hand, in the latter, the person "*scratches his head.*"

John Randolph—on his death bed.—The Christian Watchman publishes the following account of the last moments of this eccentric man:

RANDOLPH was near his end, Dr. ——— was sitting by the table, and his man John (Juba was left at Roanoke,) sitting by the bed, in perfect silence, when he closed his eyes for for a few moments and seemed by his hard breathing, to be asleep. But as the sequel proved, it was the intense working of his mind. Opening his failing eyes upon the Doctor, he said, sharply, "*remorse*"—soon afterwards more emphatically, "REMORSE"—presently at the top of his strength he cried out "REMORSE." He then added, "*Let me see the word.*" The Doctor, not comprehending his desire, made no reply. Randolph then said to him with great energy, "*Let me see the word. Show me it in a dictionary.*" The Doctor, looking round, told him he believed there was none in the room. "*Write it then,*" said Randolph. The Doctor perceiving one of Randolph's engraved cards on the table, asked if he should write on that. "*Nothing more proper,*" was the answer. The Doctor then wrote the word in pencil, under the printed name, and handed it to Randolph. He seized it and holding it up to his eyes with great earnestness seemed much agitated. After a few seconds, he handed back the card, saying, "Write it on the other side." The Doctor did so in large letters. He took it again, and after gazing earnestly upon it a few seconds, returned it, and said, "Lord John your pencil, and let him put a stroke under it." The black read, and leaving it on the table, "Ah!" said the dying man, "remorse, you don't know what it means." But added presently, "I cast myself on the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy."

Dr. ——— then showed me the identical card. On one side was written "John Randolph, of Roanoke,—Remorse," and on the other side "*Remorse.*"

How to get Married.—This is the way they used to do things in old times, in Massachusetts. It is from the common place of book of an old school master, now dead and gone:—

"Tuesday, Jan. 31, 1769. Had an invitation to Josiah Dwight's wedding, to wait on Anne Allis, Timothy Woodbridge to wait on Jerusha Williams, Pomeroy and Patridge have concluded to go.

"Thursday, Feb. 2.—Got away as soon as we could, which was 10 or 11 o'clock, and got out by going on foot some, for the *sledging was very bad*. Had a good dinner and the company was very sociable; the *waves* too small. At night three couples went off, the rest, being about thirty-five, staid all night, and a fine night it was, for with contending for the bride, visits from the additionary, and being one prisoner changing, &c., none slept much. We greeted the rising sun with fiddling and dancing, breakfasted at Scarts away at 10, stopped at Fairfield's for a brandy draught and got home at half past 12. Never were more sober dead than we were, No wonder—no wonder."

THE STANSTEAD SOMNAMBULIST.

Our readers will recollect that a few weeks since, we introduced to their notice from the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, an account of a wonderful case of Somnambulism and *clairvoyance*, surpassing in interest, the far-famed case of the Springfield Somnambulist. The last number of the Medical Journal contains a letter from the regularly attending Physician of Mrs. Case, the lady who is thus singularly affected, which fully corroborates in every particular the accounts given by Dr. Bernard.

The gentlemen, who have furnished the facts in this case, the most extraordinary perhaps that has ever been recorded in the Medical books, are of great respectability, and of high standing in their profession. It is impossible that there could have been any deception in the case—and it will puzzle the casuist to decide on the cause of this singular phenomenon. This clairvoyance, and in some sort, divination, seem to set aside the laws of nature—and equals any thing which was ever advanced by the believers in Animal Magnetism.

The author of the communication alluded to above, from observing the direct relation between the stomach and the cerebral phenomena, is disposed to assign the seat of irritation to the gastric branch of the pneumo-gastric nerve. We wish we could give his reasonings on the subject at length, but must content ourself with making the following extract—*Boston Mer. Jour.*

In the interior animals, where the cerebral developements are small, these 'general feelings' determine the will; but in man, possessed of more perfect percept on and reflective powers, reason stands opposed to the influence of the instinctive sensations. This is generally the condition of man while awake; but in a state of reverie, while a part of the mental powers are at rest, the opposition to the suggestions of instinct ceases, and those mental faculties which are in a state of wakefulness appear illuminated by the superaddition of an almost unerring principle. It is thus that the somnambulist will be guided in the darkness of night, where no eye could see, and pass with the eyes closed over the most dangerous places.

Clairvoyance, as a part of reverie, does not exist in every somnambulist; but whenever it does occur in the ordinary sleep walker, or in those of reveries which appear to constitute a series in the chain of the morbid phenomena of disease, as in the case of Jane C. Ridesdale of Mrs. Case, it appears to indicate a higher irritation of the pneumogastric nerve, with a more direct extension of its influence to the immediate organ of vision. The exaltation of the visual perceptive power in these cases does not appear to awaken its own external organ of sense; the eye is not therefore brought, by the voluntary powers, in adaption to external objects; but the visual sense, directed by instinct, becomes diffused through the system, and the external surface thus becomes enabled to perceive the objects in direct relation to it. The developement of clairvoyance in these cases is no more miraculous than the astonishing invigoration of some of the mental faculties. These apparently mysterious phenomena all appear dependent on the increase of the internal perceptive powers.

Dr. Darwin considered *reverie* as a disease of the epileptic or cataleptic kind; but as the mental manifestations are more or less under the control of the will, the view of it is objectionable. Whatever may be the pathological state of the gastric branch of the par-vagum, it is evident that its sensibility is in a morbid state of irritation, and perhaps the peculiarity or some of the mental phenomena may be owing to the modifications of the instinctive sensations, and their influence upon the cerebral organs. In the lower animals, these instinctive or 'general feelings' determine the movements of the migratory tribes with the greatest accuracy. Dr. Good observes that 'the bat appears to be sensible of the presence of external objects and obstructions, that are neither seen, smelt, heard, touched or tasted, for it will cautiously avoid them when all the senses are purposely closed up; and 'that polypes and several other zoophytes appear sensible of the presence of light, and yet have no eyes—as the nostrils are not in every animal necessary to the sense of smell, the tongue to that of taste, or the ears to that of sound. A distinct organ is not always requisite for a distinct sense. In man himself, we have already seen the in regard to the sense of touch, which exists both locally and generally; the distinct organ of touch is the tips of the tongue and of the fingers, but the feeling is also fluced over every part of the body. It is possible, therefore, in animals that appear to be endowed with particular senses without particular organs for their residence, that these senses are diffused, like those of touch, over the surface generally.

The analogy existing between the case of Mrs. Case and the somnambulic state produced by the animal magnetizers, is peculiarly striking. Guided by internal sensation, she directed means for her recovery, and this in a state of debility and suffering which I have seldom seen equalled. In following her suggestions, in part, I was far from being influenced by the "divinity" of her sensations which produced them.—Subsequent reflection however, has convinced me that the somnambulic state presents to the physiologist and the pathologist, no weel as to the general philosopher, phenomena demanding the most careful and unprejudiced investigation. It matters not whether the phenomena are induced by direct impression on the feelings and the imagination, or whether they result from disease; they equally devolute some derangement or modification of the electric relations of the system. This is apparent from the effects of the galvanism in reducing the number of the pulse, in equalizing action generally, and more particularly in their effects in preventing all sleep-talking while in the use of them."

THE SINGLE ONE.

BY JAMES BRUTON.

The bands of wedlock I've escaped,
And all its toil and trouble;
The girls have left me *single*, for
I've given them the *double*.
That *matches* made in Heaven are,
I've heard some oft declare;
But they mean in *another place*,
For there's most brimstone there!

I never joined the many dance,
Nor cramped my feet in pumps,
For, rather than *run after balls*,
Away I'd *stir my stumps!*
Once at a hop, a damsel three
To me her fair hand proffers,
But I declining, she got *out*,
For having made three offers!

Poor Joe who rivall'd me with Jane,
I met him yesterday
With two small children in his arms,
And three drawn in a *chay*.
I'm sure he would have killed me once,
But rage had now exploded,
Unless it was to *shoot himself*,
To have his arms thus loaded!

Prim Lucy, fond of midnight walks,
And sentimental rhymes,
Left me and made *a paper match*,
She read the *Sunday Times!*
Earl Baboon's footman was her *lord*,
But soon she off did sally,
So he's surrounded now by *'ills*,
And left a *lonely wife!*

I was too dull for Sue—and she
A methodist man seek,
Who lets her, and the poodle dog,
To church go once a week,
He rightly thinks her liberty
She should have but on one day,—
A Belle's life should be manag'd thus—
To come out on a Sunday!

A bachelor of fifty-five
Am I, and hale and bluff!
No surgeon visits me, for I
Say to all doctors "*stuff!*"
I sleep well, though I dreams last night,
I was a married elf,
But that the deed was all a dream,
I woke and *bless myself!*

From the Knickerbocker, for December.

CONVERSATIONS ON VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

Stones have been known to grave, the trees to speak.
MACBETH.

READER,—think not that the subjoined Essay is a piracy, either in matter or style, from the celebrated Conversations on Chemistry, etc. It is but the following up of a good custom,—for my memory runneth not to the contrary,—of "Mrs. B." and "Emily," and I would wish to have vegetables, as well as animals, speaking for themselves. Mrs. B. and Emily speak volumes in favor of the plan of diffusing knowledge, and they are naturally philosophic enough to excuse my treading on their heels, while I am paying them the compliment of following in their footsteps. The judicious *may* grieve, but the harren *will* smile, and that is long odds enough to induce me to start, although the production be but a trifle. Should it have a good run, it will signify that the public are pleased—and it is for the public I write.

"*My Eyes!*" said the Potato to the Lemon, "how bilious you look to-day. Your skin is as yellow as saffron. What can be the matter?"

Lemon. Acidity of stomach,—a family complaint of ours.

Potato. Why don't you take advice?

Lemon. Advice! You know my poor brother *dropped off* the other day, and without being allowed to rest on his native earth, his body was snatched up by a member of the Bar, who, instead of acting legally, dissected him—absolutely *cut him up.* "All for the public good," said the rascal, as he squeezed out poor Lem's last gastric juice. Take advice, quoths! If he was not allowed to enter a plea in Bar, what may I expect from Doctors Commons?

Potato. That's true. I only hope poor Lem, though he was in *liquor* at the time, had strength enough to give him a *punch* under the ribs as was a *rum* customer to the last, no doubt,—but I must say I wish his skin had been Fuller. Do you attend the Meeting to-night?

Lemon. I feel rather *soured* at present. I met Running-Vine just now with the invitations, and he hinted that there would be a *squeeze*, in which case I should *decline*, as they might *press* me to furnish drink for the company;—in fact, it is always so when they call any of my family to their *aid.* But now, to be *serious*, my sweet, *sweet* Potato, if you should go, let me advise you not to get yourself into *hot* water: you'll be *dished* to a certainty if you do. Onion, the *strongest* friend you have on earth, brought tears to my eyes by the bare recital of what would be the probable consequences of your attending it. In case of a row, you'll both have to *strip—peel* off. Now under such circumstances, he'll certainly excite some sort of sympathy; whereas the removal of your *russet coat* must attract more admiration than pity. "Lovely in death," would they say, "*Pallida mors,*" eot. Indeed, for my own part, I think you do look better in *whites.* Oh! another thing I would say: Keep out of Horse Radish's company; he will be sure to get into a *scrape*—a *greater* one than his imagines, perhaps—and as for Onion, (don't let this *leak* out,) I fear the *rope* will end him. I should not like to get into a *stew* with him,—so, mum! Ah! here come Plum and Pear. How savage they look.

Pear. How are you, my dear Lemon? Do decide this question between Plum and me. On referring to Johnson, we find my numerical value estimated at two only, while the rascally Plum is set down for a hundred thousand. It's too absurd: there must be some mistake.

Plum. None at all. Please to recollect, Sir, that I weigh a *stone* more than you.

Pear. From that I must beg leave to *accede.*

Lemon. Stop this *fruitless* wrangling, or I shall be tempted to kiss you both, to get at the truth. I'm not in *spirits.* As for you, Mr. Plum, no more of your *tart* remarks; and Mr. Pear, if you wish to be *preserved* the less *jarring* the better. Here comes our good friend Raspberry. How do you do, my fine fellow, and where have you been?

Raspberry. In the most infernal *jam* you ever saw:—'pon honor, 'twas *insupportable.* What's the new?

Lemon. There is a report which *Bush* has raised, quite *current* here that he served you up in sweet style last evening at tea table, before a party of ladies, and the cream of the joke is that you were considerably *down in the mouth.*

Raspberry. Mere envy. You know he cultivates the affections of Miss Rose Germinus, (a sweet creature, by the by, and has grown very much lately,) but finding that she preferred me, he became saucy, which induced me to beat him into a *jelly*, and send him in that state to his friend Venison, who lives near Fulton Market.

Lemon. (*Puts his hands on his hips and haw haws.*) Bravo! What a funny lump of Satan you are. But Rasp, have you seen old Gardener lately? He'll give you a deuced *trimming* when he meets you. He says you ought to have done mowing your wild oats, and that although it goes against his grain to complain of your treading on his corns, he can't stand it any longer, and must peach.

Raspberry. Peach, will he? And are these to be the *fruits* of my bearing with him so long? He has been *picking* at me for some time, and yet it was but yesterday, the ungrateful *old rake*, that I got him out of a *scrape* with Mr. Horse Radish, who, after seizing him by the *nose*, threw a musk-mellon at his head, exclaiming with an equestrian laugh, "That ought to make at least *one mango.*" And go he did, that's certain, all to squash.

Lemon. A challenge will ensue, doubtless.

Raspberry. By no means. No one knows better than Gardener that Horse Radish *shoots like the devil in the Spring*, and one *fall* he has already received from him: It would be unreasonable to ——, but drop the subject, for here comes Mrs. Tree, who seems to wear a very cypressy look.

Mrs. Tree. Good morning, gentlemen. You have heard, no doubt, that I have lost those young *limbs* of mine. Well, perhaps it's for the best: offsprings are a great trouble and expense, and to speak the truth, I should pine more at the loss of *my trunk.* Fine growing weather, this: Adieu!

Pear. Fine *mare!* I should say she is one of the pine *knots.* There is very little of the weeping willow about her.

Lemon. No, the stingy old creature! No doubt she'd have been *cut down* by the loss of *her trunk*,—she'd have been *choptallen* then: Instead of pining, she talks spruces than ever. I don't believe she even went to the expence of having the poor little things *inoculated;* a very little *matter* would have given them *sucrase.* She said the other day she was trying *bark* on them: but I vow, here comes Aspen. Aspen, why so agita ed? Is there any thing strange in the wind?

Aspen Tree. I'm in such a *flutter*, that I can scarce tell you of our common danger. But in a word, whether it was on account of our extreme admiration for the Woods and the Forrest, or that the cheenute and the oake began to rail at him, and give offence, it has entered the *head* of Hickory—which is very high just now—to root me out, and remove my trembling dependants from the bank on which I was reared by the side of the Schuylkill. Supplication is useless. Old Hickory will not *bend*, tho' we tell him of our *breaking*,—and I advise all of you, who, like me, have *branches, to cut and run.*

Lemon. My skin stands a double chance to be saved—for if I *cut* I shall surely *run.* But are you serious?

Aspen Tree. Serious! I tell you the sooner you all cut stick, the better. *Hickory runs* wonderfully. I'm off.

Lemon. Gentlemen, are you ready for the question? All in favor of *taking our leaves*, will please bow.

[They bow unanimously, and escunt as fast as their *limbs* can carry them.]

ANECDOTE.—An honest hibernian, upon reading his physician's bill, replied to the Doctor that he had no objection to paying him for his *medicine*, but his *visits* he would return.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

VICIOUS FORMS OF SPEECH AND COMPOSITION.

Few, even of our best writers, are so perfectly correct as to be free from occasional impropreties, and far less can the great mass of the people be expected to avoid such errors, in common speech. We think that it is impossible to write or speak too correctly; and most of the vicious forms of speech and composition, which we unconsciously adopt, might be avoided by a little care and attention. We therefore submit to the reader a few of the more prevalent blunders, both in speaking and writing, for the purpose of putting every one upon his guard:

Both—Whether as a numeral or conjunction, ought not to be applied to more than two objects or sentences.

Whether.—A similar remark applies to the word. It is in fact, a contraction of "which of either," that is, which of the two objects. It is frequently, but improperly applied to *three* objects.

Couple.—This implies simply the junction of two objects, and cannot properly be used to denote two separate objects. "A couple of shillings," for instance, is an error.

The words former and latter, can only be used in reference to two objects.

Neither (or not either.)—Is only applicable to two objects.

Every and *Each.*—Being singular ideas, ought never to be used as plurals. The error of so using them, is, however, very common.

Ate—Is the proper preterite of *eat*, which is now generally used as the preterite—a vulgar mistake, arising out of the pronunciation.

Sir Walter Scott, who was perhaps the most careless writer of his day, and whose works abound in provincialisms, uses *eat* as the preterite.

Bade—Is the proper preterite of *bid*, which is often used as the preterite; an error similar to the one allluded to just above.

Lay—Is the proper preterite of *lie.* It is also the present of verb, signifying to deposit. Care should be taken not to use it as the present of the former verb. This, however, is often done.

Bidden, ridden, written, spoken—Are the past participles of bid, rid, write, speak. We often hear people say, "He was *spoke* to," "I have *wrote* to him"—than which nothing can be more vulgarly erroneous.

Drunk—Is the past particle of drink.—Fastidious people, have of late got into a way of saying, "His health was *Drank.*"—Drank is the preterite, and cannot be thus used without a palpable fracture of the skull of Priscian.

Don't, wan't, can't—Though admitted as colloquial English, are not good contractions. We could forgive them, however, if people would avoid using the word *don't* in the third person singular. "*He does not,*" can never be properly abbreviated into "*He don't.*" This *error*, vulgar as it is, advances apace in good English society.

"*Had better,*" "*had rather.*"—These are vulgar absurdities, arising perhaps from the desire of brevity. "I had rather," must have originally been, "I would rather," contracted into "I'd rather."

"*Short lived,*" "*long lived*—Should be, "short-lifed," "long-lifed."

"*The above*"—Is improperly used as an adjective, as "the above statement may be raised on." "Above," being an adverb, can never be correctly used as an adjective. It is, however, very commonly employed in that capacity.

"*Then*"—Like "above," improperly used as an adjective: "the then President of the United States." Nothing can be more vicious.

"*A great many,*" "*a good many,*" "*a few.*"—Have a singular article as is used with plural nouns. These are incorrect forms of language.

Quantity—Is often used in reference to objects susceptible of numeration; whereas it is only applicable to two objects that are not capable of increase or decrease by numeration.

"*Differ with,*" "*different to.*"—Very incorrect. From is the only participle that can be correctly used with "differ," and its derivatives.

"*Disagree with*"—Is proper, because here "agree" governs not the "*dis.*"

"*Supported by subscription*"—Which simply means by underwriting, might be improved into "*supported by contribution.*"

"*Lieutenant.*"—Why should this be pronounced "*left tenant?*" Can it be because the u in *lieu*, was once written v? A similar error occasioned the Mac-Kenzies, in Scotland, to be called MacKenzies—the name of Menyus, being spelt Menzies—transcribers mistaking the y for z.

Beside—Means *near and above*, and occasionally *except.* To say, "sit beside me," or to use the word in any way, as implying *place* is incorrect.

Animal—It is commonly supposed that this word is only applicable to quadrupeds. *Beast* so applies, but animal is applicable to any creature having life and breath.

Without—in the sense of *unless*, is a vulgarism.

Oftener—is decidedly incorrect.

Men's minds, the horses' heads—Here the abbreviation of the angular *his*, is used or implied for the plural their, which is extremely incorrect. "The minds of men," and "the heads of the horses," are the proper phrases.

Those sort of things—Ought to be, *this sort of things.*

Progress—As a *verb*, is an Americanism. What fault can be found with the good old English word *advance.*

Man milliner—Is both vulgar and wrong. *Milliner* from its masculine termination should certainly be applicable to males, and the word should be altered for the ladies.

Last Night, Last Evening—These are poor substitutes for the fine old English word, *yester night.*

Antiquarian—Is often used for *antiquary.* The former is the adjective, and the latter the noun.

SCIENTIFIC SELECTIONS.

JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.—The publisher for January has just appeared, with its usual quantity of scientific matter, descriptions of new patents, &c. The articles on tanning by the liquor of tar and anot, and on making soap from wool, are curious and interesting. We extract portions of each.

Process of Tanning Hides with Soot and Tar Waters.—By Thomas Ashmore.

1st. In the process, may be used every kind of soot, produced either by the combustion of bones, and other animal matter—or by that of wood, turf, or other vegetable substance—or by the combustion of tar, pitcoal, and other bituminous products:

2d. Of oils, and other empyreumatic liquids, produced by the distillation of various animal, vegetable, and bituminous matters:

3d. Of every kind of empyreumatic gas, produced by the combustion, or the distillation of vegetable, animal, or bituminous substances:

4th. Of every liquor with which the gases above mentioned have been washed, or with which they have been in contact.

Preparation of Soot and Tar Waters.

Soot Water.—The soot from the upper part of the chimney only should be made use of, as it is of better quality, and very preferable to that which is formed in the lower part.

With one hundred pounds of soot, are mixed three pounds of quick lime; this mixture is put into a large tub, provided with a stop-cock, and having a double bottom; the soot and lime are mixed with a little cold water; then boiling water is poured on, until the two waters are mixed to about forty-eight gallons; the whole is left to settle twenty-four hours; after which, as much of this liquor as can be obtained, is drawn from below into a vat, or other vessel. The soot is again mixed with a fresh portion of quick-lime and warm water, in which four pounds of sal ammoniac are dissolved. This liquor, after remaining twenty-four hours, is drawn off as before, and the same process is continued as long as the soot will yield a liquor whose value will cover the expense.

The liquors thus successively obtained, as above, may be mixed together, or the weakest may be used in place of pure water, with fresh quantities of soot and quick-lime, according to the strength wished for in the liquor; and even the first liquor, which is the strongest, may be rendered, if desirable, still stronger.

Tar Water.—To every ten pounds of quick lime, the same weight of water is added, to reduce it to powder; twenty-four pounds of vegetable tar is also added; the whole is then worked, so as to form a complete mixture. Then pour on about 120 gallons of boiling water, in which have been previously mixed, or melted, twenty-four pounds of sal-ammoniac. The mixture, stirred several times, and after remaining twenty-four hours, is separated from the settlings, and furnishes the tar water, which may be used.

Preparation of Leather with these Liquors.

To prepare leather with these liquors, the hair is taken from the skins, and they are worked in the usual manner; then instead of putting the skins into vats, as the tanners do, they are placed in a large tub, in which they are covered with soot or tar water, which has been rendered clear by filtering through sand, or some other filter; the skins are left, during twenty-four hours, in the liquor; they are then transferred to a tub of quick-lime and water, for twelve hours; after this, they are again put into the tar or soot water; and they are changed from one tub to the other, until they have acquired, internally, a deep brown colour.

The time necessary for this operation depends on the thickness of the skins, the strength of the liquor, the temperature, and other variable causes.

The skins, after having undergone this preparation, are taken out of the liquor, and exposed to a current of air, to dry them; they are then replaced in the soot or tar water, in which they remain forty-eight hours, at most; and coming out of water, they are immediately put, during an hour or two, into the water of quick-lime, and removed alternately from the liquor to the lime-water, until they are completely converted into leather; finally, they are finished in the usual manner.

Method of Making Soap from certain Animal Substances.

In manufactures, the refuse matter should be turned to account as far as possible. We propose, in the present article, to give directions for making a soap with the refuse matter of wool, cloth, &c.

It is well known that, when wool is combed and prepared for spinning, small parts of it escape, and that in fulling and shearing cloth, also, small parts are separated. These scraps should be collected, to extract from them a soapy substance, which, notwithstanding its softness and fluidity, is very fit for fulling and whitening. The following is the method of preparing it.

Begin by making a strong ley of wood ashes, and add to it one-tenth of lime; pour on it warm water, until an egg will swim on the water, above the ashes; leave the mixture to settle for twenty-four hours, or more, if requisite, keeping the ley at the temperature of about 60° Fah. Pass this ley through a kind of sieve, made of tin plates, with a layer of straw, to prevent the ashes from passing with the ley. Pour this ley into boiling water, the same as of wool, in the proportion of three times its weight of wool, to place this new mixture on the fire, to be there boiled a second time. The soapy substance begins very soon to thicken. Throw in particles of wool, until the ley is saturated with them, and ceases to take a grayish green colour.

The coarse parts of the shearing of cloths, and the hair of all kinds of animals, are not so readily converted into a soap as the pickings of the combing and spinning of the wool. Thus, when the former are to be used, they must be boiled in a much stronger ley; when it is perceived that the ley is perfectly saturated with wool, and that it no longer changes it into soap, the operation is finished. After cooling, a soft and gelatinous soap is found at the bottom of the kettle, well adapted to various uses.

Observations.

1st. The stronger and hotter the ley is, the more powerfully it acts upon the wool, and the quantity of soapy matter obtained from it will be increased; on the contrary, a weak ley will disengage only a part of the oily matter of the wool, and produce a less perfect soap.

2d. To obtain the same kind of soapy substance, threaded cloth, and other woollen stuffs, may be used; also, hair of all kinds; but in the use of this latter, a much stronger ley is necessary.

3d. When clean and pure substances are used, the soap produced from them is finer, and of better quality. It is therefore necessary to clean the pieces of wool intended for this use; they are to that end washed in river water, to free them from all impurities they may have contracted in the manufacturing.

4th. If to the mixture in the kettle, common salt is added, as is practised in the soap factories, the soap will be thicker and firmer.

5th. In case of want of care and attention, dirty or dyed woolls are used, the soap will have a dirty tinge, and will give the cloths a grayish colour. This is of a small consequence in cloths of deep colours, but for white cloths, it is requisite that the soap be drawn from white woolls.

6th. Stuffs of deep coloured woolls, when a soap not well managed is used, imbibe a disagreeable odour, which is dissipated when the stuffs are washed, and dried in the air.

7th. Soap prepared in this manner, may be used with the same advantage in the manufacture of muslins, cotton cloths, and other cotton fabrics; it may be used in place of common soap, in preparing stuffs before dying. The grey tint they then take is not injurious, but becomes of advantage to them in certain colours, because stuffs of cotton then become mate susceptible of receiving the colour that it is wished to give them.

8th. If fat substances are added, or waste oil, or grease, the soap is more oily, firmer, and dissolves more readily. We know of a large factory, where no other soap is used.

OF THE INCREASE IN THE INTENSITY OF SOUND DURING THE NIGHT.—Every person must have observed that sounds, such as that of falling water, &c. which are faintly or not at all heard during the day time are distinctly audible at night, even when the direction and force of the wind, and every other general circumstance is the same. This curious fact was remarked even by the ancients. In large cities, or in their neighbourhood, this increase in the distinctness of sound has been ascribed to the cessation of the powers of animated beings, such as men, insects, and birds, and also the cessation of the action of the wind upon the leaves of the trees. When the celebrated traveller, Baron Humboldt, first heard the noise of the great cataracts of the Orinoco, in the plain which surrounds the Mission of the Apures, his attention was particularly excited to this curious fact; and he was of opinion that the noise was three times greater in the night, than in the day. The usual explanation of the phenomenon was quite insufficient in the present case, as the humming of insects was much greater in the night than in the day, and the breeze, which might have agitated the leaves of the trees, never rose till after sunset. Humboldt, therefore, was led to ascribe the diminution of the sound during the day to the presence of the sun, which influence the propagation and intensity of sound, by opposing to them currents of air of different density, and partial undulations of the atmosphere, produced by unequal heating of the different parts of the ground.

In those cases, a wave of sound, when it meets two portions of air of different density, is divided into two or more waves, a part of the primitive wave being propagated with more rapidity through the denser portions, than the parts that pass through air of less density. In this way the wave is broken down into different parts, which arrive at the ear at different times. These differing portions of the wave passing again through succeeding portions of the atmosphere of different density, may be so weakd and inflored down, as to be incapable of affecting the tympanum.

This curious phenomenon is precisely analogous to the production of the mirage, or phenomena of unequal refraction, which are occasioned by the mixture of portions of air of different refractive density.—*Edinburgh Encyclopedia.*

The English language, according to Mr. Cardell's account, is composed of

6621	words derived from		Latin,
4361	"	"	French,
2078	"	"	Saxon,
1288	"	"	Greek,
760	"	"	Dutch,
229	"	"	Italian,
117	"	"	German,
11	"	"	Gaelic,
85	"	"	Spanish,
18	"	"	Arabic.

15,168 words.

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